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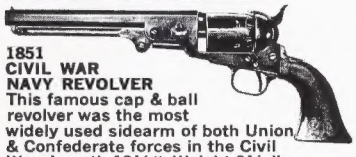

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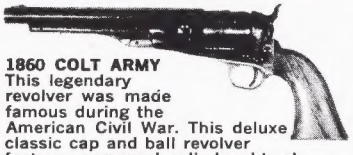

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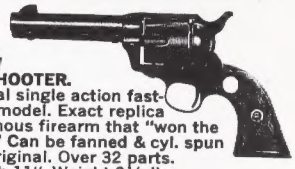

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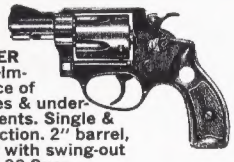

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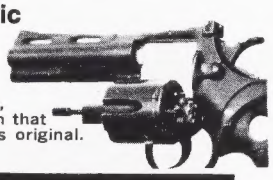

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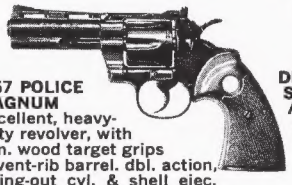

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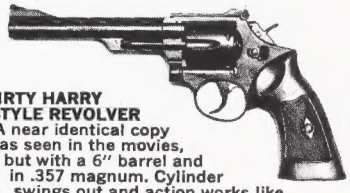

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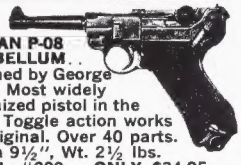

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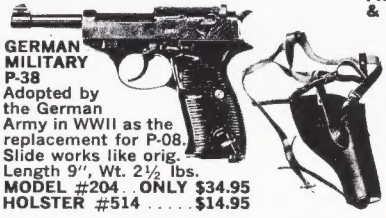

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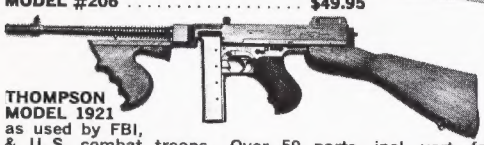

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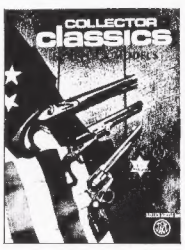

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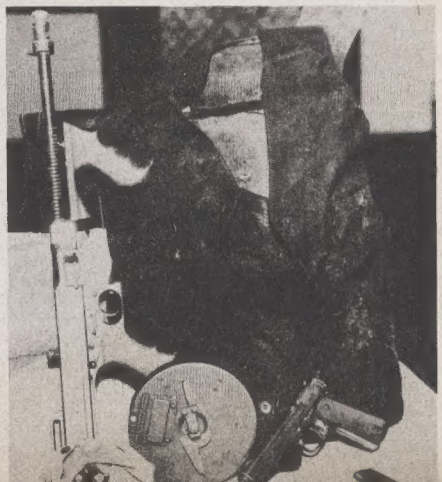

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WOLF PACKS: They Get Their Kicks From Wanton Murder

■ Teenage wolf packs are the newest peddlers of instant violence on the streets of America today, according to recent surveys made following the trends of youth gangs.

These small bands of youngsters have graduated, seemingly, from rumbles to wanton crime. Throughout the big cities of this country, these merchants of crime and violence have proliferated to ominous proportions.

In the good old gangs of the '50s and '60s, rumbles predominated the general tempest of youth gangs. No that they have dispersed from rumbles altogether, they're still doing that, but they've extended themselves into new patterns of crime against adult outsiders—and they're using guns!

Today's contemporary youth gangs have assembled such an arsenal of weaponry to nearly compete with the police in fire power. On numerous occasions the police have discovered in raids of youth gang clubs, arsenals consisting of sawed-off shot guns, hunting rifles, hand grenades, Saturday night specials, explosives. Everything save flame throwers and tanks.

Now, teenage wolf packs have found a new day's destination in their pattern of crime.

In New York City, police charged six teenagers—one of whom was 13—with the murder of three elderly and penniless men.

In another incident in Detroit, Michigan, police charged a teenage boy with the stabbing death of a four-year-old child for the loose change in his pocket!

Even old time criminals have admitted to being frightened to work the streets of some big city areas because of these roving bands of wolf packs. One said: "The value of life has no weight. These younger criminals have no motive for what they're doing. They're sick!"

Once upon a time, youth gangs meted out their criminal violences against shop owners and gas stations. Today they are not being exclusive. Recent targets of the youth gangs have been the pedestrian in the street, elderly people in their homes, and big business. A reign of terror has saturated the city school systems to such an extent that some school policies were actually changed to pacify roving youth gangs.

Extortion was once the exclusive criminal activity of organized crime

Police in Sacramento, California battle with unruly gang during rumble. Mostly, packs turn rage against citizens.

A recent federal study reveals that youth gangs are now heavily armed and are major problem in metropolitan areas.

families, but today these youth gangs have learned to exert their own pressure upon the small shop owners and certain individuals. Much of this imitation roaring-twenties gangland style activity has been passed along to these younger criminals through the penal system. Crime mirroring organized executions, extortions and fencing of stolen merchandise is passed along to these younger criminals of potential Dillingers because of direct contact with the hard-core criminals in the penitentiaries and jails throughout the country. It is there they pick up the methods of organized crime.

Nowadays, these wolf packs are shooting people from moving autos and have also been reported to torture their victims before actually killing them.

All this is frighteningly real and not at all exaggerated.

Prof. Walter B. Miller of the Center for Criminal Justice at Harvard Law School reported in a 12-city study of the youth gang problem for the Federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA), that youth gangs of the '70s are better armed. Gangs are taking control over classrooms, threatening and abusing teachers and gaining control of school policies in some instances. Youngsters are joining at an earlier age and staying in longer—into their 20s. He also reports that the girl divisions of youth gangs have increased dramatically.

And in six of the most harried youth gang cities, these reports are coming in:

NEW YORK CITY

The gangs have nearly doubled in the last three years. And that the major difference between today's gangs and those of the '50s and '60s is attacks upon the community. The largest rate of increase has been for assaults, robbery and burglarly in the community. In the '50s and '60s gangs were primarily involved in conflicts of with each other.

Capt. Francis J. Daly, a command-

Youths in Elizabeth, New Jersey were arrested for attacks against police patrol cars with Molotov cocktails.

ing officer of the police department's youth-aid division, reports that the rise of gang activity in New York is reflected by these police statistics:

—Arrests of gang members increased annually from 2,176 in 1972 to 3,588 in 1973 and 4,141 arrests in 1974 to the latest figures in 1977, to well over 5,000. Those are just the arrest statistics on the books for crimes against the community. The unspoken figures, those not recorded on the police records for youth gang criminal activity in New York communities, have been said to number in the tens of thousands.

Although the number of gang killings reported by police has dropped because of less intergang conflicts, they have well made up for that in assaults, robberies and rapes against the community.

Today's number of youth gangs have decreased in number, however they have increased in membership. There may be fewer gangs from yesteryear, but they have been better organized, corporation-like. They have built their organizations into divisions with kids from 9 to 13 being the 'baby division,' and kids between 13 and 16, the 'junior division.' Older gang members make up the main division. There may be 5, 6 or more divisions in each borough. They have ranks—like that of big business. There is the president, the vice president, war counselors, public relations spokesmen and even people in charge of sex and drugs for the members. There is also a dramatic proliferation of the female divisions in such gangs.

New York groups have such colorful names as the Brooklyn Tomahawks, the Savage Skulls, the Savage Nomads and the Black Spades to mention a few.

Capt. Daly reports that 20% of the gangs are white, 30 or 40% are Hispanic-white, and the rest are black.

Where once there were massive rumbles there exists today a state of guerilla warfare in the communities. Like everything else today, the youth gangs have sophisticated themselves in the tactics of modern day warfare.

Concentrating their savage attacks upon the community the youth gangs have been more readily disposed, nowadays, to the rape and murder of elderly people in their homes. Sexual molestations have also been reported to occur more frequently upon the elderly as well as children as young as 6 years old by wolf packs. However, such statistics are continually on the increase. For instance, 921 robberies in 1974 have more than doubled today; 623 burglaries in '74 have also gone into the four digit figure today; the number of assaults in 1974 were some 411, and that statistic has multiplied several times for 1977. Although homicides decreased from 54 in 1974 to 12 in 1975 because of less intergang conflicts, that statistic is on the way up again. Drug wars among the youthful gangs have dramatically escalated the number of shootings between youthful gang members.

LOS ANGELES

Gang killings in this west coast city have also dramatically increased in recent years. Joe Suarez, a police investigator of youth gangs has reported such killings as "aimless and senseless, not with a clear motive for gain." Gangs have ready access to guns and they use them, unhesitatingly.

Prof. Malcolm Klein, head of the sociology and anthropology department at the University of Southern California and author of the book, "Street Gangs and Street Workers," says that the availability of guns today are a causative factor in the increase of killings by youthful gang members.

Roving wolf packs have attacked and molested girls in broad daylight. Driving around in their cars looking

for rival gangs out of their area and not finding them, they become frustrated and invade people's homes, sexually abuse the women, and torture the unfortunate victims prior to killing them.

According to the Los Angeles police there are some 180 gangs in the city with a total of some 15,000 members.

In 1974, 50% of the violence was gang against gang, and today that statistic has dropped more than half. Evidently, the gangs have found other outlets for their violence beside each other.

Deputy Herbert Giron of the street gang unit of the L.A. County sheriff's department reports, "what we don't see anymore is two gangs meeting for a fight on a hill with bricks and bats. Everybody has guns now. What you see today is two or three riding in a car, shooting at people on their lawns. Some innocent people get killed just putting out their trash cans."

Sergeant Rondolone points out the difference of how things have changed by calling attention to their arsenal of weapons. Yesterday it was zip guns, knives and clubs. Today it is mostly sawed off .22s and shotguns, but mostly .22s. There are motorcycle gangs, street gangs and car club gangs. A lot operate from cars. They can be driving two or three or more in a car around a neighborhood and occasionally pop someone on the street for the hell of it. That target could be a sole individual or two or three kids on their front porch. It doesn't matter to them.

There are also a multitude of ethnic groups among the gangs in Los Angeles. They tend to be segregated into blacks in one group, Mexican Americans in another and more recently the outgrowth of gangs from other ethnic groups such as gangs of Filipinos, Cubans and Chinese. The Chinese are a usually quiet, tightly controlled family unit. Chinese parents have been noted for keeping their youngsters under control—until recently.

Chinese gangs have been specializing in extortion. They may walk into a restaurant and have a full course dinner, and then walk out without paying. The restaurant people are afraid to say anything for fear that they will wreck the place. They have also executed similar acts upon theatres and extorted plane tickets from travel agencies.

Spectacularly enough there are few incidents between the ethnic groups. Most of the gang battles are between gangs of the same racial or ethnic makeup and even in neighborhoods of different ethnic composition they rarely fight each other. Also, Deputy Giron reports that today's gangs tend to be smaller than those of the past, and they protect smaller "turfs," maybe only three or four square blocks. When they get together they often drink wine, or beer, pop a few pills and make spontaneous decisions to wreak havoc.

Capt. Clyde L. Cronkhite, head of the juvenile division of the police department says progress is being made against juvenile violence, citing

(Continued on page 66)

Pack members on way to jail. Undercover policeman is at right. Problem of teenage gangs is cause for deep concern.

THE NEW PURPLE GANG
DEADLIER THAN THE OLD DETROIT KILLERS

■ A new killer corps is on the scene. It is causing havoc among the mobs and with the police departments in this country.

Investigators have linked it with more than 20 contract murders.

It calls itself the Purple Gang.

There is no connection between it and the old mob which operated in Detroit.

Nevertheless, it is quite deadly.

According to authorities, the new Purple Gang has been responsible for killings in New York, New Jersey, Chicago, Milwaukee, Phoenix, Los Angeles and many other cities.

Many of the victims were informants for the FBI and other law enforcement agencies.

Nearly all of the killings were carried out with silencer-equipped .22-caliber automatic pistols.

According to officials, the new Purple Gang is made up of rogue cops and free-lance mobsters.

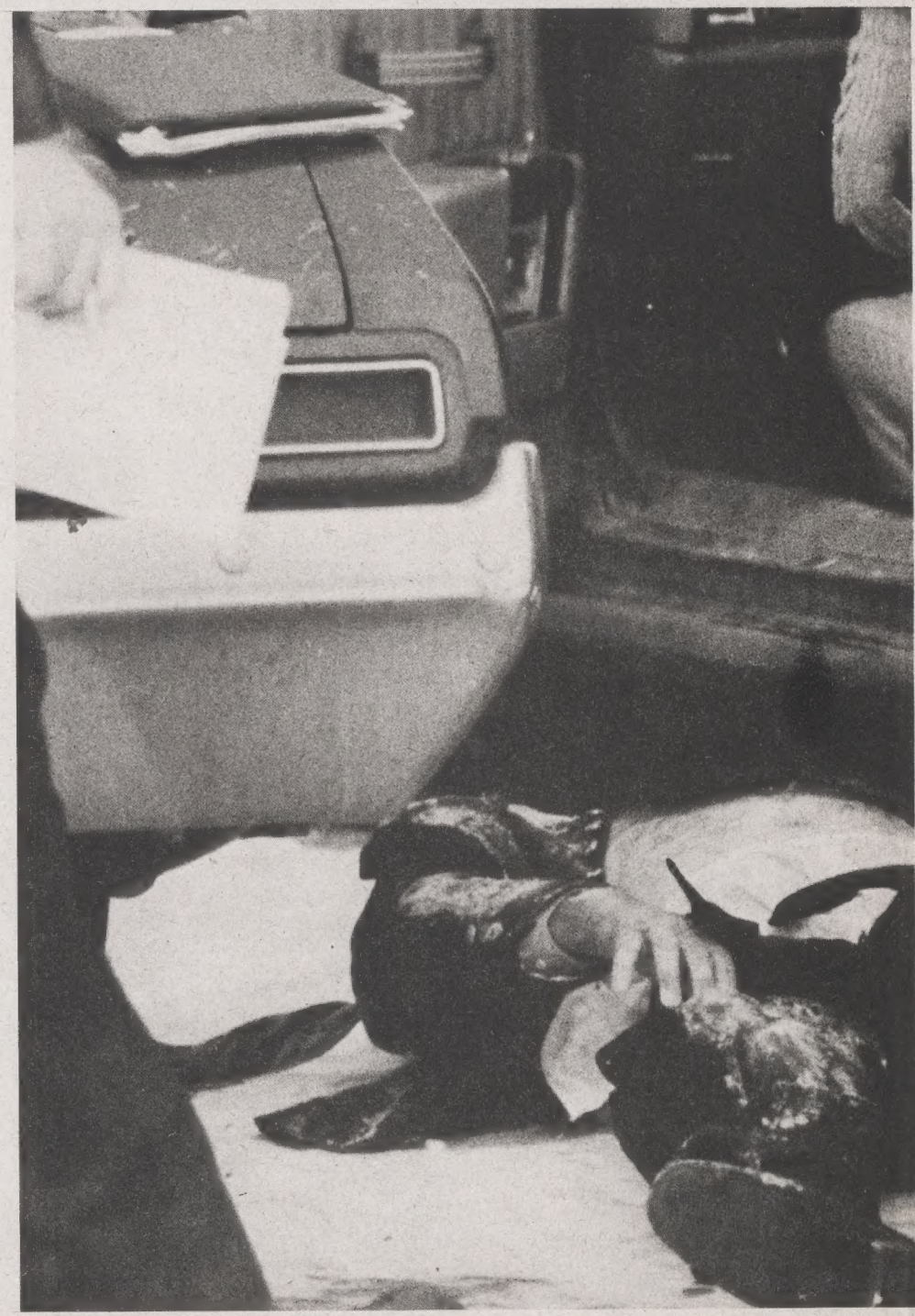
It is believed by investigators that the gang is responsible for the recent kidnapping of Eli Ziccardi, 67, who is the acting boss of the Genovese family.

It is also alleged that the Purple Gang is responsible for the disappearance of Dominick De Quatro, who was Ziccardi's top lieutenant.

Another on the list was Charles (Ruby) Stein, one of the nation's biggest underworld loan sharks. He has also vanished.

Space limits prevent us from listing all of the victims who have supposedly fallen to the Purple Gang, but here is a list of the most famous.

Sam Giancana, 66, aka Salvatore Momo, Sam Mooney Giancana, Sam Flood, Albert Mancuso. He was on the syndicate throne in Chicago, but adverse publicity knocked him off. He fled to Argentina. Before he was 20 years old he was arrested in three homicide investigations. He served



Body of Arthur Milgram. He was slain outside his apartment house in Queens, N. Y. Police say Purple Gang did it.

time for auto theft, burglary, moonshining and refusing to cooperate with a federal grand jury.

During his career, Giancana has been arrested 60 times on various charges. From 1957 to 1963 he was the boss of the crime syndicate in Chicago.

Just before he was shot to death in his suburban Chicago home in June 1975 he was scheduled to testify before a Senate committee concerning his role in the CIA plot to assassinate Cuban Premier Fidel Castro.

Jacob (Jake) Molinas was shot to death in August 1975 on the patio of his suburban Los Angeles home. Molinas was an alleged pornography racketeer. He had been convicted as a briber of New York college basketball players.

Tamara Rand was shot five times in her home in November 1975. She had been a wealthy San Diego businesswoman with interests in a gambling casino in Las Vegas.

Vincent Capone, 39, was shot 15 times in Hoboken, New Jersey in August 1976. He was a loan shark and an alleged associate of a New Jersey mobster named John Di Gilio.

Killed with the same gun which cut down Capone (a .22) was Frank Chin, 48. Chin was an expert on wire tapping. He had worked for a great many mobsters, including DiGilio. His assassins caught him at his workshop on Manhattan's West Side on January 20, 1977. He was shot six times. Likely reason for his slaying was the fact that he had informed on his bosses to the FBI.

Next to die was Arthur Milgram, a Queens, New York businessman. He was ambushed and slain outside his apartment building on February 2, 1977. Milgram owned a company which had exclusive rights to sell state lottery tickets through vending machines.

Frank Bompensiero, aka "The

Jacob Molinas was convicted of bribing college basketball players. He was shot to death in Los Angeles home.

Bump," was born in 1905 and lived at Pacific Beach in San Diego, California. His importance in the California mob has always been a matter of debate among the police, but he did have a wide variety of friends in the underworld, among them James Fratianno and Louis Tom Dragna. The Bump had never lived down the title of "dumb hoodlum," pinned on him by Anthony Pinelli after being sentenced to a state prison in 1955 for five years on three counts of bribery. In that year a police informant erroneously declared Bompensiero as the head of the syndicate in the San Diego.

However, he was known as a loan shark on the West Coast, a counselor for the mobs and, unfortunately for him, an FBI informant. He was gunned down on Feb. 10, 1977, in San Diego.

On Easter Sunday John (Coca Cola) Lardiere, a New Jersey mobster, was resting in a motel in that state. He was enjoying a holiday furlough from prison.

Somebody came into his room and blew him away with two guns.

As of this writing the police are not certain as to the size of the Purple Gang. They know only that it is large enough to cover the country and to kill anyone it wants to at any time.

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THE WILD AND WACKY WHISKEY BARONS

■ At 12:01 a.m. on January 17, 1920 the 18th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibited the "manufacture, sale or transporation of intoxicating liquors within, the transportation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes."

Prohibition was our greatest mistake. It produced gangsterism on a large scale, bootlegging, speakeasies and the blinding and killing of a great many people who were not particular about the rot-gut they put into their bodies.

It also produced some odd balls, crazy capers and some wild gangs.

The Yale Club in New York, for instance, saw the drought coming and stored up enough whiskey to last for 14 years.

During the Christmas of 1919 there was a raging blizzard in the New York area. But that didn't stop hundreds of New Yorkers from driving through it to the upstate hamlet of Hammondsport. There were 70,000 cases of champagne in the town and they were for sale.

A wealthy New Englander bought out a New York distillery's entire stock and hauled it away in dump trucks.

A little Chicago girl skated to a warehouse 50 times. On each return trip to her home she carried a bottle of whiskey. Her father was grateful. He gave her a bottle of ginger ale and a new pair of roller skates.

The Detroit Times wrote sadly, "The Sahara is no longer the largest dry area on earth."

Evangelist Billy Sunday spoke before 10,000 people in Norfolk, Virginia, praising the Volstead Act. "The slums will soon be only a memory," he shouted. "We will turn our prisons into factories and our jails into storehouses and corncribs. Men will walk upright now, and women will smile, and children will laugh. Hell will be forever for rent."

Libraries all over the country were inundated with requests for books and magazines on how to make liquor. The collections were stolen or mutilated.

The Department of Agriculture printed a pamphlet on how to make whiskey from almost any kiind of fruit. It went into detail on the method of making alcohol by boiling cornmeal, catching the steam in a towel and then wringing it out. The pamphlet stated that if mixed with orange juice or ginger ale the taste was rather delicious. The pamphlet was available throughout the entire period of Prohibition.

A brewer in Chicago stopped brewing when Prohibition came in, but he sold the boiled mash called wort. It wasn't alcoholic, so he gave his customers a cake of yeast which would finish the job. Home brewers waited on line.

Many farmers in the Midwest stuffed pumpkins with corn sugar and apple cider. The concoction was ripe in 21 days.

The people Prohibition really hurt were the skid-row alcoholics. They couldn't pay the high prices asked by bootleggers so they drank anything that looked or tasted like alcohol—hair tonics, perfumes, silo drainings,

Mama Teresa and Al. He had no respect for hypocritical politicians, said they were worse than crooks.

Capone mobsters posed as cops, mowed down members of the O'Banion gang in 1929 St. Valentine Day's Massacre.

canned heat, radiator anti-freeze, bay rum and so on.

Jake was an extract of Jamaica Ginger, which was 90 percent alcohol. People who drank it were "Jake Trotters" who were "jake-jazzed." About 15,000 people were paralyzed from drinking Jake. Some users developed a "jake leg," which was a permanent limp.

The expression "the real McCoy" comes from Captain Bill McCoy, who ran whiskey and rum into the country on his ship *Tomoka*. Many of the rum runners in those days watered the whiskey while at sea. McCoy claimed he never did it. He always boasted that every bottle off his ship was "the real McCoy."

Herbert Asbury, noted historian, wrote that more than once the Coast Guard in pursuit of fast, rum-running speedboats "led through the maze of water-borne traffic in New York Harbor and in the East and Hudson Rivers, with guns roaring and ferry-boats and other craft dodging bullets and shells."

A Coast Guard cutter once chased two speedboats along the Coney Island beachfront. It was a July Sunday in 1924. More than 100,000 swimmers and sun bathers watched the wild gun battle between the pursuer and the pursued.

As for the speakeasies, there were 32,000 in Manhattan alone. That was double the number of saloons that thrived before Prohibition. Many were nothing more than someone's front parlor while others were fancy places which served excellent food and liquor.

A good table brought the customers in. So did outlandish personalities. If a certain well-known gangster frequented a speakeasy the owner could be sure of big crowds.

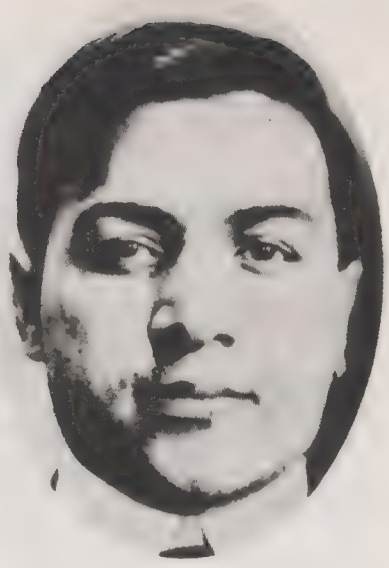
Sometimes the owner was the draw. The most famous of all speakeasy proprietors was a woman named Mary Louise Cecelia Guinan, better known as Texas Guinan.

She was from Waco. She owned a slew of rowdy joints in New York City and was known all over the country. Texas Guinan was a boisterous blonde, loud, coarse and forever hungry for a buck. But she was a good businesswomen who knew what the customers wanted, and gave it to them. Her favorite line when greeting customers was, "Hello, sucker!"

Texas Guinan had been arrested a number of times. She wore jewelry in the shape of prison bars, police whistles and padlocks. When she paid her fines she usually blew kisses at the judge. In one year her earnings totaled $700,000.

The punch line to the Texas Guinan story is that she died in Chicago from drinking tapwater of all things. The cause of death was amoebic dysentery. The water in the hotel had been contaminated by a leaking sewer pipe. But it was the death of Texas Guinan that led to landmark reforms in the regulation of water piping systems throughout the country.

Jim Colosimo and second mate Dale Winter. Changing wives was fatal mistake for Big Jim. Marriage lasted one month.



Frankie Yale got call from Torrio, who offered him $10,000 to make a "hit." Yale jumped at the opportunity.

The Federal Prohibition Bureau had its hands full during that hectic time. The Bureau had only 1,520 federal agents to combat a force of 800,000 people. The underworld organization raked in $4 billion a year.

The salary for a federal agent ran from $1,680 a year to $2,000. So it came as no surprise to anyone that many of them were incompetent or corrupt. A spokesman for the New Jersey Anti-Saloon League was amazed that after only a year's service many federal agents sported diamonds and new cars.

Dan Chapin, who was the top New York enforcement agent, also noted the fact that some of his agents wore diamonds and came to work in chauffeur-driven cars. Outraged, he called them all together one day and fired anyone wearing a diamond ring. In doing that he cut his force in half.

There were two agents, however, who were supercops. They were Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith, both honest and conscientious. They operated in New York City for five years and in that time they confiscated more than $15 million worth of liquor and made 4,932 arrests.

Izzy and Moe made history. No other agents even came close to their record.

Their forte were disguises and dodges. They posed as gravediggers, mechanics, coal-wagon drivers, violin players, Broadway actors and fishmongers. And in those disguises they closed many a speakeasy.

One high point in their career came when Izzy gathered together nine or ten agents and dressed them up as football players. He smeared mud on

(Please turn page)

Body of Frankie Yale. On his person were seven diamond rings, three diamond stickpins, a diamond-studded belt.

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Johnny Torrio: He bristled because his boss would not take advantage of huge profits to be made in whiskey business.

them and then marched them into a speakeasy near Van Cortlandt Park.

Izzy wrote later: "We burst into the place announcing with a whoop that now, with the last game of the season over and won, we could break training."

The bartender fell for it. Right after he served the "football players" drinks he learned that his season had ended too.

One of the men who had grown rich and powerful in 1920 was Frankie Yale. Every store in Brooklyn carried the cigars he made at the Yale Cigar Manufacturing Co. The cigars sold for three for fifty cents. Each box had a picture of Frankie on the cover and it was probable that the box made a better smoke than the cigars. In those days the name Frankie Yale became synonymous with a lousy smoke.

Frank McErlane: He was an alcoholic and a merciless killer. It was he who introduced use of the Tommy gun.

Frankie always said, "I'm an undertaker." His funeral parlor was his most prized possession. He also owned race horses, prize fighters and nightclubs. The Harvard Inn at Coney Island was one of his establishments.

Frankie's friend and partner was Johnny Torrio. Torrio worked for Big Jim Colosimo, who had an empire going for him in Chicago. The only trouble with Big Jim was that he cared more about celebrities than he did making money in bootlegging.

Torrio handled the management of the Colosimo empire while Big Jim entertained well-known names at the tables of his club, Colosimo's.

The star-struck chief wanted Torrio to stock only enough booze to keep his whorehouses and speakeasies supplied. Torrio tried to convince him to

Edward "Spike" O'Donnell and his gang had control of the West Side of Chicago until Capone stepped into the scene.

expand. Big Jim was afraid of the Feds. Torrio said they could be bought.

Then Colosimo did something else that annoyed Torrio. He announced that he was going to divorce Victoria Moresco and marry a singer named Dale Winter.

Victoria was Johnny Torrio's cousin.

Torrio's response was, "It's your funeral, Jim."

And it was. Torrio placed a call to Frankie Yale. The job was worth $10,000. Yale snapped it up.

Colosimo married Dale in April, 1920. Less than a month later Big Jim took a trip to his cafe. Waiting for him in the shadows was Frankie. A bullet in the back of the head ended Colosimo's career.

Torrio of course cried like a baby when he heard the news. The hypocrite blubbered, "Big Jim and me were like

Joe Saltis: He was regarded as a moron and a savage. Saltis and McErlane ran the southwest side of the Windy City.

brothers." He then arranged a funeral which is still talked about among the old-timers. The casket was silver and mahogany and cost $7500. More than 5,000 mourners showed up, including some of the most influential politicians of the day.

A First Ward Alderman sobbed, "Big Jim wasn't a bad fellow. You know what he did? He fixed up an old farmhouse for broken-down prostitutes. They rested up and got back in shape and he never charged them a cent."

Torrio took over the empire. But he wanted more. He wanted all of Chicago. To gain that end he had to get the police and the politicians into his pockets, which wasn't hard to do

(Continued on next page)

Hymie Weiss: His only claim to fame was to coin an underworld phrase which became a part of the slang of the day.

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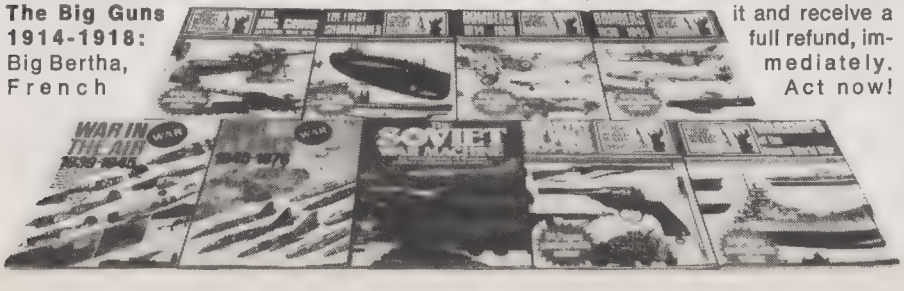

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since he had already bought their protection for his gambling and prostitution rackets.

Torrio got what he wanted. The politicians were his to do his bidding. By 1928 Torrio and other gangsters had complete control over the city of Chicago. The situation had deteriorated to such a point that one impeccable figure, Frank Loesch, president of the Chicago Crime Commission, had to plead for an audience with Al Capone. Loesch wanted to make sure an upcoming civic election was honest. The Man smugly gave his assurance that everything would be all right and dismissed the visitor.

Actually, Capone respected Loesch because he was an honest politician. He did not respect the other kind. He once said, "There's one thing worse than a crook, and that's a crooked man in a big politicial job. A man who pretends he's enforcing the law and is really making dough out of somebody breaking it; a self-respecting hoodlum hasn't any use for that kind of fellow—he buys them like he'd buy any article necessary to his trade, but he hates them in his heart."

Johnny Torrio had his own way, but he really did not control all of Chicago. The O'Banion Gang con-

Izzy Einstein (left) and Moe Smith made more than 4,000 arrests as federal prohibition agents. Photo taken 1933.

Federal prohibition agents captured stills like this one, shut down speakeasies, but could not make dent in profits.

Mobsters' nemesis in disguise. Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith affected disguises to infiltrate speakeasies, nab owners.

trolled the North Side. Dion "Deany" O'Banion, a florist, allegedly killed 25. He refused to shake hands with anyone because he felt the gesture could leave him wide open to a sudden attack. The gang was involved in bootlegging, safecracking, robberies, and hijacking. The fact that Dion's flower shop did a thriving business was understandable. Most of the gangsters who went to their reward in those days went there with O'Banion's flowers trailing them to the grave.

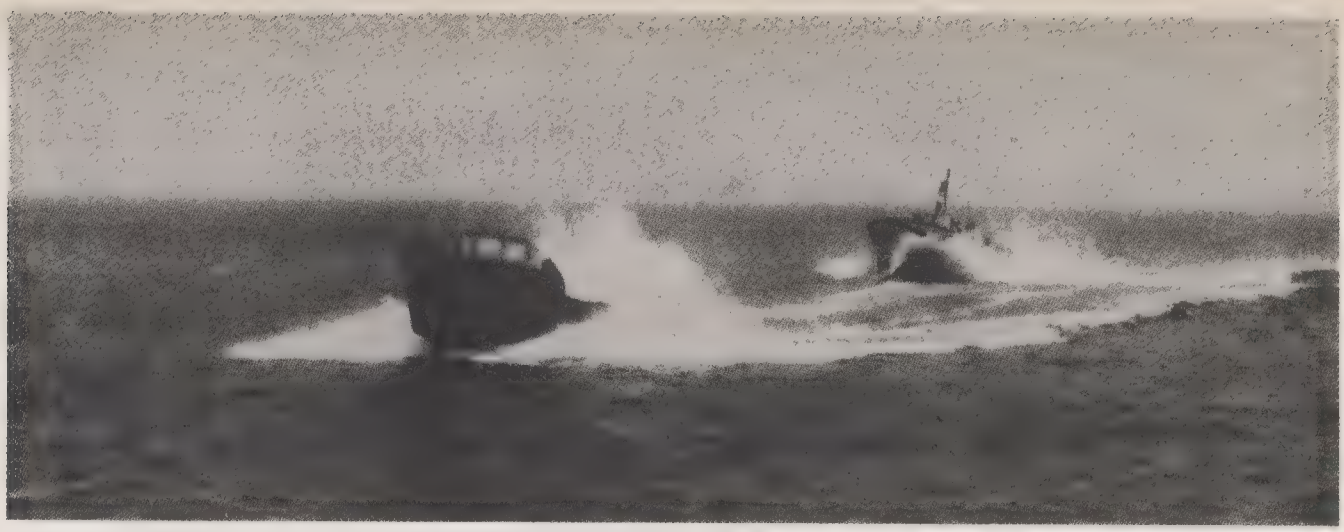
An underling in O'Banion's gang was Earl Wajciechowski, better known as Hymie Weiss. Hymie's only claim to fame was his invention of the phrase "taken for a ride." After knocking off a rival, Hymie said: "We took Steve for a ride. . . a one-way ride."

The O'Donnell brothers ran the West Side of Chicago. Myles, Bernard and William Klondike. They were Irish and they hated the Italians.

In Little Italy, the South Side, the Terrible Gennas reigned supreme. There were six brothers—Sam, Vincenzo, Pete, Bloody Angelo, Tony the Gentleman and Little Mike, who was sometimes known as Il Diavolo. They were good family men, devoted to their religion and ardent opera buffs. The rotgut they turned out was guaranteed to kill, blind or maim.

The Valley Gang operated between Little Italy and suburban Cicero. It was led by Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake.

The Saltis-McErlane Gang operated out of the Southwest Side. Joe Saltis was a moron and a savage. Frank McErlane was an alcoholic and a



Coast Guard boat chases rum runner in Detroit River, 1925. Most bootleggers got their cargoes safely ashore.

To fly booze across the border, pilots got $5 per case. Mobs used this method and others to get liquor into cities.

Hip flasks didn't hold enough for the heavy drinkers. Two here wore waist flasks holding gallons of the stuff.

A 1927 Boston "flapper" demonstrates "rum apron" which permitted her to carry several bottles under her coat.

brutal killer. It was Frank who introduced the Thompson submachine gun into the crime scene.

The Ragen Colts ran the area around the stockyards, and further south there was still another gang, the O'Donnells, who were not related to the O'Donnell Gang of the West Side.

When Al Capone came into the picture he changed all the maxims set up by Johnny Torrio, who constantly preached that violence only led to more violence and that the way to deal was through bribes, deals and compromises and persuasion.

Capone changed the comparatively peaceful scene into a bloody battlefield. Before the Twenties were over, more than 1,000 lives were lost in the gang wars. Charlie "Lucky" Luciano was so disgusted after a visit to Chicago that he snarled, "A real goddam crazy place. Nobody's safe in the streets."

The savagery was culminated with the St. Valentine Day's Massacre in 1929. The victims were Johhny May, Frank and Pete Gusenberg, James Clark, alias James Kashellek (Moran's brother-in-law), Adam Heyer and Al Weinshank. An optometrist named Reinhardt H. Schwimmer got it, too. He wasn't a gangster but he liked being with them. . .right to the end.

The target was Bugs Moran, but he showed up late and missed the action. His words were, "Only Capone kills like that."

Capone's words were, in Florida: "The man who kills like that is Bugs Moran." ●

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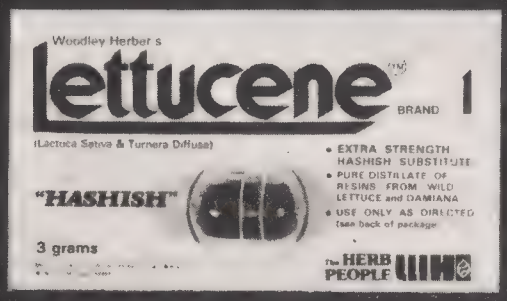
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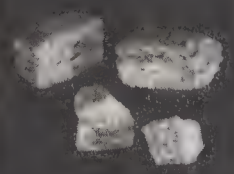

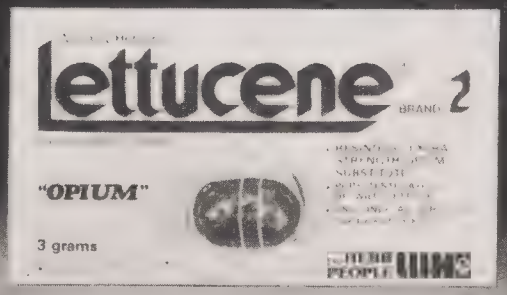

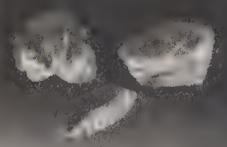

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As reviewed by Howard Smith & Brian VanderHorst
in the Village Voice of January 3, 1977

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THE ELDERLY: EASY MARKS FOR YOUNG PUNKS

■ "The value of life has no weight. These young criminals have no motive for what they're doing. They're sick."

The statement comes not from a sociologist but from one of the more hardened hold-up men in Chicago.

He was talking about the young punk gangs who prey on senior citizens who are trying to live in peace in our big cities.

The situation is getting worse.

Every metropolitan area reports an increase in attacks on the elderly. Authorities admit to being quite concerned. The problem is that all efforts to put a stop to the savage activity are being thwarted.

The cops can't be everywhere at all times.

Unfortunately, the punk kids can. They are striking with brutal regularity. Old and helpless people are being robbed, beaten and murdered. At Detroit Beach, Michigan, recently an elderly woman was stabbed to death by a gang of 14 kids. They wanted the fifty cents she had in her purse.

In New York City a gang of 16 teenagers committed a series of robberies and murders. Their targets were elderly and penniless men. The youths killed their victims by smothering them. One old man was found dead with his prayer shawl stuffed into his mouth.

Suburbs are not excluded. Milford, Connecticut is a peaceful community on Long Island Sound. A gang of middle-class youths is terrorizing elderly citizens. The old people are being robbed and beaten. Worse, they live in such abject fear of their tormentors that they are afraid to report what is happening to them. They are being warned that to squeal means another beating—and one which may do them in.

For more than a year now a gang of young women in Brooklyn has been assaulting and robbing scores of old people. After being beaten by the gang, two of the victims died of heart attacks.

In early June 1977 Mrs. Ruth Glavin, 76, was standing on a subway platform in Queens when 10 youths knocked her down and took her purse containing $50.

Her left arm and shoulder were severely injured in the assault. Witnesses chased the youths but none was apprehended.

Probably the most publicized act of brutality against the elderly concerns the Ronald Timmons attack on 82-year-old Adelaide Fleming on October 26, 1976.

Timmons and his partner Zachary Shannon, 22, were arrested in the woman's Bronx, New York apartment when police officers responded to calls from neighbors who heard Mrs. Fleming's screams.

Timmons was charged with three counts of robbery, two counts of

New York City senior citizen lies in pain after daylight mugging by punks who took his wallet and escaped.

Ronald Timmons: He received a 25-year sentence for his savage attack on an 82-year-old woman in the Bronx, New York.

attacked and slain here by punks. Note large bloodstains. Victims were without funds.

burglary, one count of assault and one count of possession of a dangerous weapon.

Timmons, 19, had no record as an adult. However, as a juvenile he had been convicted of the murder of a 92-year-old man during the commission of a robbery.

This fact was not known to the judge who set his bail at $500 in the assault of Mrs. Fleming. Timmons promptly fled to Baltimore. He was captured and returned to New York.

During the jury selection for his trial in April 1977, he interrupted the proceedings to plead guilty.

Supreme Court Justice Joseph Sullivan sentenced Timmons to 25 years in prison. The accused was sent to the Elmira Correctional Institute and will not be eligible for parole until he has served 8½ years.

Sullivan said: "He is a teenaged predator who symbolized all that is wrong with society. While it may not be a deterrent to him, his imprisonment can be a deterrent to all those other young persons who feel they can get away with crimes against the elderly and that the system is not equal to its responsibility."

The sentence was gratifying to the members of the East Bronx Council on the Aging, whose Task Force on Crime Against the Elderly monitored the case.

Zachary Shannon, Timmons' partner in crime, was given three to 12 years in prison for his part in the robbery-assault case.

It was gratifying to a lot of elderly people to see two young punks put away for a long time. Judge Sullivan took a courageous stand and is to be commended. He did what many liberals and conservatives are talking about these days—incarceration for first offenders, putting an end to the leniency which has been shown in the past. The analogy is a sort of shock treatment, indicating that if a person wins on his first day of gambling, he becomes hooked on gambling. Dr. Robert B. Miller, superintendent of a state mental hospital in Connecticut, says that discipline and punishment are vitally important, since human

beings are not born with a conscience.

The American Bar Association is also disturbed by the rash of violent acts against old people. It recently stated:

"The American Bar Association views with profound disquiet the current tendency among groups of our citizens, and especially among many young people, to disregard the rule of law upon which a democratic society must depend for its viability and progress.

"Those who elect to defy a law because of some dictate of conscience or the intensity of their cause must be prepared to accept the normal penalties of non-compliance, subject of course to the requirements of the process."

Many lawyers, jurists and just plain furious citizens have come to the conclusion that the pendulum has swung too far in the effort to protect suspects charged with crimes.

In many areas, people are making efforts to swing it back to where it belongs. Fear is forcing many Americans, young and old, to arm themselves. Says James J. Bell, Jr., owner of Bell's Gun Shop in Franklin Park, Illinois: "We're getting a lot of nice upperclass couples buying pistols. Even his and her guns."

The private arsenal in Atlanta, where the homicide rate is high, would supply every man, woman and child in that city with two guns.

Guard dogs are becoming popular. So are security guards and private cops. That force now almost equals the number of police in this country.

Vigilante groups are forming in many major cities. In New York City groups of youngsters are devoting their free time to escorting the elderly to their doctors, supermarkets and churches. They are providing the kind of protection for the aged which is sorely needed. This kind of "vigilante" group is rare. The more violent groups are going into the streets to do battle with the criminals at their own level.

For example, in one mid-western city there is a group of 22 blacks, half of whom are Vietnam veterans, who have vowed to eliminate the threat to the elderly in their ghetto no matter what the cost.

Says one member, "When we see someone following an old person, or attacking one, we wear his ass out. A purse snatcher can end up with two broken hands." The vigilantes here don't always get the better of a touchy situation. Two of them have been stabbed.

In New York, a bill has been introduced in Albany which would insure that rapists, robbers and other felons who prey on senior citizens or the handicapped would face double the jail sentences given to criminals who commit the same crimes against younger people.

This has been the major legislative response to the growing problem of crime against the elderly.

An attacker who commits a violent assault against a senior citizen faces a year in prison. Under the new bill, which was introduced in May of this year, the penalty would double.

The bill was worked out by Assembly Majority Leader Stanley Fink and Senate Crime Committee Chairman Ralph Marino (R-Nassau). They agreed to include disabled and handicapped victims for protection because they are as frail and vulnerable as the elderly.

A month later another potentially effective bill was introduced. This one concerns the fingerprinting of youngsters as young as 11 years old if they have been involved in violent crimes.

The Assembly has approved the legislation which would see the prints fed into a $1 million identity bank. This measure would help judges crack down on teenagers who are repeatedly committing violent crimes against the aged and other citizens.

At present, many juveniles are fingerprinted, but their prints are often scattered through the Family Court system. When a youth is charged with a violent crime it is usually impossible to find the prints and thereby determine if he has had

Police in Baltimore round up suspects. Cops in New York City have unique method of catching punks in criminal action.

any previous record.

Assemblyman Howard Lasher (D-Brooklyn) sponsored the bill, saying that it would require the State Division of Criminal Justice Services to maintain a separate fingerprint file for juvenile offenders.

Lasher added that if his system had been in operation at the time of the Ronald Timmons case, the accused would never have been released in low bail.

Judges are trying to cope with the problem, politicians are working toward a sharp reduction in the crimes against the elderly and so are the cops.

Many cities like Cincinnati are giving police teams complete responsibility for a single area. The idea was instituted a few years ago. At that time crime decreased ten percent in those areas. More recent figures, however, are less encouraging. It is likely that new ideas will be tried and, if not effective, will be rejected.

In Detroit, police have formed special units. One of the two concentrates on drug-connected murders. The other on murders committed during the commission of a robbery or other felony crimes. Here, the payoff has been much better. There has been a solution rate of about 80 per cent in both categories.

In New York City, police operate some 200 taxis, which make excellent camouflage during stakeouts and street patrol. Police "cab drivers" were involved in more than half of all of the arrests made in undercover operations in 1976. One cop hackie said, "You can't beat this method for spotting young punks about to pounce on some old guy or woman. They see a cab and think I'm just a hackie. They get the shock of their lives when I jump out and collar them."

All of the efforts being made are commendable, but it might also help if a study was made to find out why so

many of our young are turning to crime and violence. Our newspapers almost daily tell us of outrages committed by the young.

A case in point is Ronald DeFeo, 23, of Amityville, Long Island, who systematically shot his father, mother, four brothers and sisters in the back with a rifle. The massacre occurred on a November night in 1974.

Two months later Gregg Sanders, 15, hacked his mother and father to death with an axe and then jumped off a water tower, killing himself. The murder-suicide took place in Montvale, New Jersey.

Psychologists and psychiatrists are asking themselves why such acts of violence are taking place at all among the young. They are now focusing on the young murderer's home life, upbringing and personality. They apparently agree on one point—that it is not always the young punk who kills.

Says psychologist Dr. Joyce Brothers: "Often, children who kill their parents are so repressed and trying so hard to hold in their feelings, they bend over backwards to give the impression of being nice and quiet. They tend to be very polite, very controlled. But it's like a teakettle. If you don't allow the steam to escape, you'll eventually have an explosion."

Kathryn Adams, a psychology instructor at Wake Forest University in North Carolina, has made an extensive study of child murderers. She says that, "Some children who kill. . . seem very well adjusted in school. They get good grades. One psychiatrist said they should be called 'model children.' That's why people are so stunned when all of a sudden something happens."

Actually, no one really knows why so-called nice children and young punks turn to violence. But the experts say there are warning signs.

Dr. Brothers says one sign is sudden changes in behavior. A quiet youth suddenly becomes talkative, or he sleeps more than usual. If he's neat he might suddenly become a slob. Dr. Brothers says, "This behavior doesn't necessarily mean a child is headed toward violence. But a lot of sudden changes can indicate that a young person has a problem that might lead to violence."

A prison psychiatrist and a psychiatrist at a state mental hospital in Minnesota list these questions to ask:

Does the child have intense hostile and destructive impulses?

Does the child lack self-control, particularly under stress?

Does the child lack the ability to solve problems through nonviolent means?

Does a potential victim provoke a child a great deal?

Is the potential victim in a position of helplessness?

Are weapons easily available?

Does the child make homicidal threats, particularly specific ones?

If the answers are yes to many of the questions, psychiatric help should be sought immediately. ●

CAPONE: WAS HE

He was still a loud-mouthed hood from Brooklyn when Guzik was beating political hucksters at their own game in Chi.

The world always believed that Al (Scarface) Capone was the kingpin of crime during the heydays of Prohibition because of his flamboyant and ostentatious personality. Although he gained his notoriety by acting like a mad bull in hot pursuit of the underworld riches, in reality he was just a mop-boy for the real man behind the throne.

Jake Guzik ran a couple of fleabag whorehouses in Chicago. He was often described as the quiet, mild-mannered man that would sit beside Al Capone at dinner parties in later years. But in actuality, Jake (Greasy Thumb) Guzik operated the network of machinery for underworld crime long before Al Capone was anything more than a loud-mouthed hoodlum from Brooklyn.

Before the Volstead Act, which created Prohibition, came along, Jake Guzik was content to operate his whorehouses down on the Levee. Even then he was no slouch. He knew the ins and outs of political hucksters to beat them at their own game.

A cold, calculating man, "Greasy Thumb" Guzik learned the high art of the pay off from two colorful alderman of the city, "Bathhouse John" Coughlin and "Hinky Dink" Mike Kenna. At the time, Jake Guzik's enterprising cat houses were being raided by the police, plagued by the enactment of new legislation prohibiting gambling and prostitution, these two men had influence enough to smother official police activities with favors of graft money. Guzik learned the trade of the Golddust Twins with astute cunning and quickly tied in with the two alderman in the management of their collections for a nice percentage of the pie. By hiking the rates, hiking the graft this adept little man amassed a small fortune. Guzik realized that a smart accountant is worth two D.A.'s. Jake Guzik was on his way. The merging of the underworld with the politicos widened the opportunities all around for

THE LEADER, OR WAS IT JAKE "GREASY THUMB" GUZIK?

everyone.

It wasn't long after that Guzik became friendly with Big Jim Colisimo who ran his own string of houses and saloons on the other side of town. A merger was formed between Guzik, Colisimo and the two Golddust Twins.

At the time Jake Guzik's and Big Jim Colisimo's combined enterprises of illegal activities raked in big money from the Bedbug Row cat houses, the Italian Lottery, bookmaking and assorted blackhand extortion, the biggest pot of gold awaited them.

Prohibition descended upon the nation with the Volstead Act and Jake Guzik, a man of larcenous vision, to say the least, recognized the outlawed industry as a dream come true. It was during this time that the origins of organized crime became a solid reality. And Jake Guzik was one of the founders.

Jake Guzik declared this era as the Age of the Bum and lended himself and his capital to creating a real crime bender for the law of the land.

Naturally, other organizations were grabbing for the profits to be had from prohibition and it wasn't long before muscle men like Capone were solicited to combat the competition. Ruthless operators stepped into the action as Guzik and Colisimo plied their trade.

Soon it became force against force as groups of operators raided stills and hijacked trucks in this era of wonderful nonsense. A small band of Mafia men from Colisimo's section of town was Guzik's first real opposition.

The Genna brothers belonged to one of five factions in the Mafia clan. When Guzik attempted to negotiate a settlement with them, he found it useless. Guzik went to Johnny Torrio, a Sicilian who came to Chicago from Brooklyn and was the overseer in the Italian policy racket. Guzik wanted Torrio to intercede in his behalf and deal with the Genna brothers, peacefully. That too, failed.

It was usually Guzik's policy to apply good business tactics before

Guzik: He declared Prohibition as the Age of the Bum, said that one good accountant was worth two district attorneys.

Jim Colosimo (left), his father in center and Johnny Torrio. With the rub-out of Big Jim, all of Chicago belonged to Guzik.

Colosimo's was Windy City's plushiest palace. Gambling took place on second floor. Club catered to celebrities.

O'Banion's flower shop attracts crowd after owner was gunned down by enemies.

Dion O'Banion was obstinate Irishman who would not deal peaceably with Jake Guzik.

starting any shooting war. But in this instance, it didn't work with the stubborn Mafia brothers. And soon the shooting started.

The Northside of Chicago became a bloodfest of bullet riddled corpses. Angelo Genna died of a shotgun blast in the head as well as the other mobsters who stood in the way of Guzik's whiskey trucks.

Still, the unsettled conditions emanating from Little Italy continued to plague him. And it was shortly thereafter that Guzik enlisted the help of Big Jim's chauffeur, Al Capone.

Guzik offered Capone some $200 a week to step up the fire power. Guzik recognized that Capone's ruthlessness and vanity would serve him better than the astuteness of his other business partners.

In short time, Capone had terminated the lives of some twenty opposition gang members who had stood in the way of Guzik's enterprises. Included in those killings were the two Genna brothers and also the Ailello brothers. Naturally, Capone became noted for taking care of 'family matters.'

By this time, Capone was receiving $12,000 a month for his services. The ex-mop boy of Big Jim Colisimo had come a long way and yet was to reach the top of notoriety as the public's awesome gangland figure.

As Big Jim Colisimo began to have differences of opinion with Guzik over the manner of operating with musclemen and thugs, and the loyalty between the two men waned that was

Capone was a violent man who dealt quickly and efficiently with foes. These three died after inciting leader's rage.

John Scalise (left, and under sheet at top, left) and Albert Anselmi (center) were beaten to death by Capone wielding a baseball bat. Joe Guinta (right) was also traitor to Capone.

Jim Colosimo was shot down in the vestibule of his restaurant. The killing was ordered by Capone-Guzik.

the signal for Capone to silence the life of Big Jim, through a hit man named Frankie Yale.

All of Chicago now belonged to the Guzik-Capone mob, with the exception of one small camp. This enemy coterie belonged to Dion O'Bannion. As a whole they operated more than twenty handbooks and a host of illegal taverns that made them a formidable competitor.

Capone was eager to deal with this unfriendly camp in his own killing spirit. But Guzik was hoping that he could negotiate and reason with these estimable business men without the use of violence. All big Al wanted to do was bomb, burn and shoot the bastards. Guzik was able to put Capone off for awhile.

"Deanie O'Bannion, however, was a very obstinate Irishman. He would not go along with the peaceful promptings of Guzik for an equitable settlement of affairs. It wasn't long after, that Guzik had two of his hit men, Anselmi and Scalise pay a visit to O'Bannion's florist shop. The white roses turned red with O'Bannion's blood.

Scalise and Anselmi were later picked up on suspicion of murder by the police. Unfortunately, the two men could not refrain from talking about Capone. This information got back to Al after the two had been released for "insufficient evidence."

The banquet at Robinson's Restaurant in Cicero followed soon after . . . and the two loose-tongued gunmen found that Capone's batting average was still 400. Several of his associates held the two men, while Capone used a baseball bat on their heads.

When "The Man" was finished he went back to his table and made a lengthy speech about the necessity of keeping one's trap shut, that he hated squealers and guys with loose tongues. He went on and on at such length that Guzik, who was sitting next to him, pulled at Capone's sleeve, saying: "Sit down, Al. You made your point."

The Guzik empire was now complete. With all the competition absorbed or removed, Guzik could now expand his business into an estate that eventually mounted to anywhere from 15 to 150 million dollars.

Guzik invested in various real estate properties in New York, Chicago. At the same time developing his original chain of cat houses all through the United States. His graft money reached the biggest men in politics to the point where he was spending over $750,000 a year for their favors.

'Greasy Thumb' Guzik was elected to treasurer of the National Crime Cartel which was attended by every top mobster in the country. . . voted in by such notable, infamous names as Meyer Lansky, Frank Costello, Vito Genovese, Charley "Lucky" Luciano and a host of others. Guzik was their investor in high finance buying into the national hotel chains, dry cleaning, dyeing, real estate and dummy corporations.

Ironically, Guzik too was sent up for Tax evasion as was Capone. He served about 18 months in jail in all

Al Capone lived well. This is his winter retreat on Palm Island, Miami. He was here during the Chicago massacre.

Capone's humble beginnings. He and his brothers grew up on Garfield Place, Bklyn.

The jury which convicted Capone. Gang leader drew eleven years. In Guzik's long career, he served only 18 months.

On the eve of his trial Capone was optimistic. Evidence against him, however, was overwhelming.

his 72 years, and payed some 800,00 dollars for the tax indictment. That was getting away cheap for Guzik, even in 1938.

In 1956, when Guzik quietly died of a stroke, he left behind a string of 2,500 prostitutes in his employment, and protection assured by the payoff he was so fond of in his lifetime.

Jake Guzik's legacy to the world was Al Capone and establishing the inevitable payoff to buy big business and men in power. He was no goniff.

He was the power behind the throne.

Guzik was wheeler-dealer, the man with the brains, and one of the few who could talk back to Capone without hesitation.

THE DILLINGER BUNCH:

■ John Herbert Dillinger was a member of a gang even before he had reached his teen years. He was born on June 22, 1903 in Indianapolis and by the time he was three his mother was dead and his father struggled to raise John and still operate a small grocery store.

The boy's first gang was a coal-stealing group which plagued the Pennsylvania Railroad. At that time the boy was sometimes withdrawn, sometimes cocky. He spent a lot of time reading about Jesse James. It's quite possible that Dillinger was the only boy to go bad because of dime novels.

At any rate, there was an effort on his part to go straight, still at an early age when he joined the Navy. He was twenty. However, he soon found that he did not like a sailor's life. He jumped ship. Apparently the Navy did not care much for him, either, because it never went looking for him.

The Navy could not straighten him out and neither could his bride. After his honeymoon in 1924 Dillinger was caught stealing 40 chickens. He also botched his next job, which was the hold-up of a grocery store in September 1924. He and a friend named Ed Singleton decided on the heist on their way home from business.

In no time at all Dillinger was recognized as the hold-up man and arrested. He copped a plea, hoping the court would be lenient. It wasn't. He pulled ten to twenty years in a state reformatory. At a later date he was transferred to the Indiana State Prison.

It was in prison that Dillinger formed his gang. He met Harry "Pete" Pierpont, who was a car thief with dreams of becoming a bank robber. And there was Homer Van Meter. They began to make plans.

Dillinger learned that he was going to be released first, as soon as he served nine years. The other two had longer terms. It was Dillinger's idea to set up an escape for Pierpont and Van Meter as soon as he was on the outside.

When he left prison in May 1933 he was almost thirty. He might have been better off staying inside. The Depression in the United States was nearing its peak. There were bread lines everywhere. Jobs were impossible to get. Apple sellers stood on corners and there were food riots throughout the country.

Dillinger had his own solution to the problem. He began a crime wave that was to put him on the front page of nearly every newspaper in the country.

It was obvious that he had given much thought to how and where he would operate. He figured that the best areas to hit were the small mid-west towns. Dillinger was aware of some important facts about that section of the country. He knew, for instance, that the sheriffs and police chiefs were understaffed and under-

John Dillinger poses near father's home. He holds Tommy gun and wooden pistol he used to make his escape from jail.

"You'll Have To Kill Us All!"

Mug shots of Baby Face Nelson. He specialized in gun repair and converting pistols and rifles to fully automatic weapons.

paid. They were also in short supply of firearms. And even more in his favor was the fact that some of the officers were political appointees who were totally unfit for their jobs.

Finally, Dillinger decided to hit only banks and payrolls. His reasoning here was that in both areas he would have the advantage.

By the time he got his operations underway, Pierpont and Van Meter had been released from prison and had joined up with him. Also in his gang were John Hamilton, Charles Makley, Eddie Green and Lester Gillis. The latter was better known as George "Baby Face" Nelson.

These were his key personnel. The gang's number varied at times, due to shootouts and arrests, but the headstrong gangster tried to keep those mentioned above free of stray bullets and arresting officers.

Dillinger also had a girl member named Billie Frechette. But she drew two years for harboring a fugitive, so it was necessary for the gang chief to get himself another girl. This one was Mary Longnaker. Soon he had something of a harem going for him. There were Polly Hamilton, Mary "Shorty" Kinder, Marie Cornforti and Opal "Mack Truck" Long. Gun molls all. At one time or another, most of these women could be found with the gang.

One of the problems with Dillinger was that he was a hotshot, compulsive stick-up man. He would go out on his own and commit holdups. In fact, it wasn't Dillinger who did the planning on the big jobs. That was left to Harry Pierport, who insisted that each big job be planned carefully before its execution.

Pierpont liked to "case the joint" several visits to the bank and then mapping out a split-second operation. The team of Pierpont and Dillinger balanced each other, with the former being careful and the latter being audacious.

Their first bank robbery took place in New Carlisle, Ohio on a Saturday morning in early June. Dillinger entered with two others, all wearing face masks. The National Bank yielded $10,600. According to reports, the operation was smooth and courteous. Dillinger playing the gallant robber spread a coat on the floor for one of the girl tellers so that she would not get her dress dirty when he tied her up.

A month later he started to create his public image when he leaped over the cage wall at the Commercial Bank in Daelville, Indiana. The hold-up proved successful.

Three of Dillinger's gang members are escorted to the Ohio State Penitentiary after their conviction in the murder of a sheriff. Authorities took no risks. Convoy of cars was covered by machine guns. In the entourage were soldiers, police and county officials.

In August he did the same thing, this time jumping over the wall of the cashier's cubicle. This was in the First National Bank in Montpelier, Indiana.

Before the month of August was out, the Dillinger gang robbed a bank in Bluffton, Ohio. The leader appeared as usual in his straw hat, which was becoming a trade mark.

In September the gang hit the State Bank in Indianapolis, this time grabbing $24,800. In this caper the acrobatic Dillinger suddenly appeared at the top of the seven-foot partition wall of the assistant manager's office. He politely told the man from his high perch that the bank was being robbed.

It took the Dillinger gang only five minutes to rob the Central National Bank of Green Castle, Indiana. It came away with $74,000. Here, too, Dillinger accomplished a big leap over the counter.

There were more robberies in 1933.

This is photo which incited criticism. Woman is Sheriff Lillian Holley. Man in middle is the prosecuting attorney.

Harry Pierpont: He was considered the brains of the outfit. True or not he was fiercely loyal to John Dillinger.

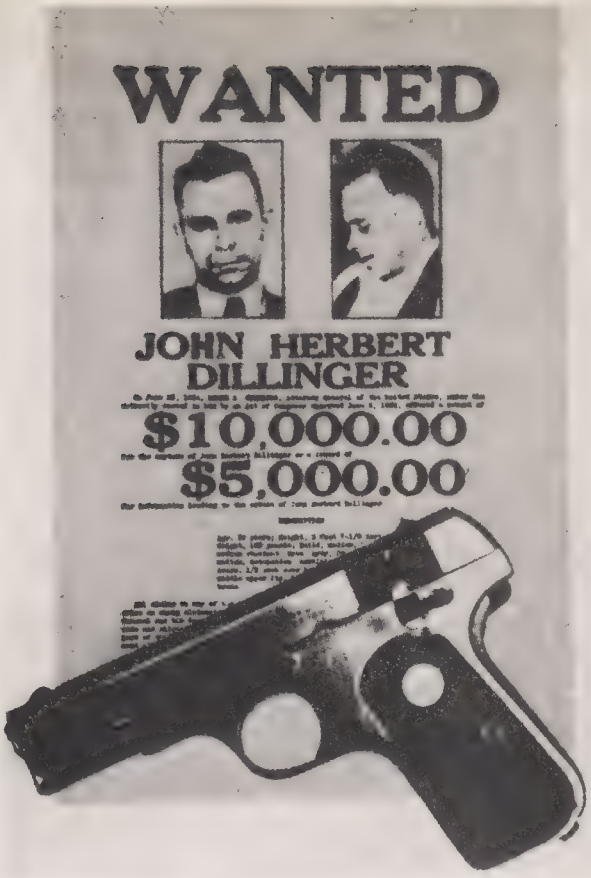
At this time Dillinger had a brainstorm. He wanted to have two or three of his men set up movie cameras outside a bank while the rest of the gang went inside to rob it. When they came running out, the men at the cameras would simply announce to passersby that Paramount Pictures was shooting a gangster film and that they were not to alarm themselves.

The idea never got off the ground. If it had, it would have made one of the big newspaper stories of the day.

Dillinger, apparently, was not content with these carefully planned capers. He wanted the excitement of an unplanned job.

During the afternoon of January 15, 1934 he executed such a heist against the First National Bank in East Chicago, Indiana. He and John Hamilton walked in wearing bulletproof vests. Dillinger carried a trombone case. Inside was a submachine gun. He used the weapon as a threat and collected $20,376.

Homer Van Meter: He was respected gang member who proved his worth during wild shootout at Little Bohemia, Wisconsin.



FBI "wanted" notice, also the gun found on Dillinger's body when he was killed near the Biograph Theater, July 1934.

But this robbery was not all peaches and cream. The bank president hit the alarm button as soon as the criminals were outside. That signaled three plainclothesmen standing on the sidewalk nearby.

Guns were drawn as Dillinger and Hamilton dropped to their stomachs. There were moments of furious shooting on both sides. Dillinger's special vest protected him, but Hamilton took a slug, wounding him severely.

In that wild shootout, Dillinger killed Patrolman William O'Malley. And both criminals got away.

By 1934 Pierpont, the brains of the outfit, was back in prison. A new member of the gang was Baby Face Nelson. For some unknown reason, Dillinger feared him. But in March the gang pulled $49,000 from the Security National Bank in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. That same month, $20,000 was extracted from the First National Bank in Mason City, Iowa.

On June 30, 1934 the gang raided the Merchants National Bank in South Bend, Indiana. Dillinger had just turned 31.

During this period a peculiar relationship was built up between John Dillinger and Captain Matt Leach of the Indiana State Police. Leach was a tall, lanky man who was quite nervous and stuttered a lot. He was always on Dillinger's trail but could never quite catch up with the daring bank bandit.

Dillinger took to teasing Leach with taunting phone calls. He kidded him about his stuttering. He sent the captain picture postcards dripping with sarcasm. On one occasion, Leach received a booklet in the mail titled *How to be a Detective*. He was certain Dillinger had sent it.

Apparently, Leach knew more about the Dillinger gang than anybody else. He felt that Pierpont had been the real leader, that Dillinger was nothing more than a second banana.

With that in mind, Leach announced to the newspapers that the real leader of the gang was not Pierpont, but Dillinger. The captain hoped that Pierpont would see the stories in his prison cell and become furious. Leach hoped that the jailed criminal would then spill all he knew about the gang.

The ruse did not work. Pierpont showed no emotion at all. He simply didn't seem to care what was said in the papers and Dillinger was overjoyed.

Eventually, Hamilton was jailed, too. Dillinger didn't like seeing two of his key men in prison, so he arranged their escape. The bustout took place at the Indiana State Prison. But then Dillinger himself was apprehended in Dayton, Ohio and jailed in Lima.

Being true friends, Pierpont and Hamilton walked into the county jail in Lima, killed the sheriff and got their leader out.

Dillinger's publicity was a detrement to him. After the October break-out from the Lima County Jail he went to Tuscon, Arizona to hide out. Everything was fine until the hotel he and his gang were staying in caught fire.

An alert fireman spotted one of the gangsters from pictures which had appeared in newspapers and magazines. The firefighter alerted the cops. That was followed by a city-wide manhunt for Dillinger and his gang, who had scattered. In no time at all

John Hamilton: He and Dillinger bunch held up six banks in five months, took in a total of $236.000.

At raid on Little Bohemia, Nelson shot two G-men and a constable and made his escape. He felt he should have been Public Enemy No. 1 instead of Dillinger. He died in blazing shootout in which he killed two more FBI agents.

everyone was rounded up, included Dillinger himself. He was returned to Indiana to stand trial for the murder of Officer O'Malley.

It was at the Crown Point County Jail that Dillinger executed his famous escape. At the time of his incarceration at Crown Point, Indiana the jail was being run by a lady sheriff. Legend has it that the famous prisoner carved a gun out of a piece of soap and painted it black. Actually the gun was carved out of a piece of wood.

In any case, he used the fake weapon to make his escape.

Officials came under sharp criticism. The female sheriff was blasted by Melvin Purvis of the FBI, who said: "It is my firm belief that the nature of the occupation of sheriff . . .precludes even the remotest possibility that a woman, no matter how strong, could possibly perform the functions required."

Also criticized was Robert Estill, Indiana's Prosecuting Attorney. He had posed with Dillinger while the latter was at Crown Point. A photograph showed both men smiling, their arms on each other's shoulders. It was felt that the official should have showed more detachment.

The FBI took up the hunt. Melvin Purvis led his G-men in the search, and on April 22, 1934 a tip was received that Dillinger and his gang were holed up at a lodge called Little Bohemia in Wisconsin.

The government men raided the lodge. There was shooting. Three innocent men were hit. One of them died. The gang, however, escaped from the rear of Little Bohemia and scattered in the woods. When the G-men entered the lodge the only people available to them were the gun molls who had been left behind. One of the women was the wife of Baby Face Nelson.

Baby Face Nelson shot two G-men and a constable, then made his own way into the woods. Dillinger, Van Meter and Hamilton stole a Ford coupe. Hamilton was seriously wounded and it didn't look as though he was going to survive.

The trio headed for St. Louis. Then somewhere along the way Hamilton died. Dillinger found a gravel pit and used it as his pal's resting place. He dropped lye over the dead man's hands and face so that identification would be more difficult.

Oddly enough, the FBI at that time did not have the freedom to operate that it now enjoys. In those days it was

Seventeen slugs were found in Nelson's body. He was found naked in ditch, deserted by his wife and a bootlegger pal.

not a federal offense to rob a bank. That law wasn't passed until May 1934. Nor was it a federal crime to cross a state line to avoid prosecution.

The FBI could act against the Dillinger gang only when it brought a stolen car across a state line. This happened when Dillinger took a sheriff's Ford.

At that time, crime in the midwest had reached such proportions that the FBI set up a special squad to handle it. Purvis headed the squad. He was from South Carolina and had a background in law. The squad was based in Chicago and was the recipient of the public's indignant outrage. Demands were made on the G-men to put an end to Dillinger's lawlessness.

Next came the shoot-first policy, which was started by the Assistant Attorney General. His statement was picked up by law enforcement agencies all over the country. He said: "I don't know when or where we will get him but we will get him and I hope we get him under such circumstances that the government will not have to stand the expense of a trial."

After that statement cops began using blown-up photos of Dillinger for target practice. Lawmen were deadly serious now in their pursuit of the acrobatic, straw-hatted bandit.

Dillinger was named Public Enemy Number 1 on June 22, 1934, his 31st birthday. The government announced a $5,000 reward for information leading to the gangster's capture. A reward of $10,000 would be given to the individual who actually made the capture.

John Dillinger instituted a lot of changes in himself during June and July. For one thing he called himself James Lawrence. For another, he had a face lift. He grew a moustache and affected gold-rimmed eye glasses. He also had a new girl friend, a waitress named Polly Hamilton. The girl's landlady was a Roumanian woman named Anna Sage.

Despite the facial changes, Dillinger still looked like Dillinger. In fact, Polly's friend teased her about how closely Jimmy resembled the notorious gangster.

One of those who noted the resemblance was Anna Sage. Anna was in plenty of trouble herself. The 42-year-old woman had been the madam of a whorehouse in East Chicago. And because of that fact, the state of Indiana wanted to deport her.

When she guessed who Polly's friend really was, she saw a way out. If she could turn Dillinger over to the authorities the possibility was that her deportation could be dropped. Anna wanted to deal. She could also use the reward money.

Anna went to East Chicago and contacted two friendly policemen she had known when she had been a madam. She told them about the gangster. The cops told Melvin Purvis, who in turn told Special Agent Sam Cowley, who was now in charge of the special FBI squad in Chicago. The only people not told were the Chicago police.

On July 22nd the temperature had soared to above the 100-degree mark. Chicago broiled. A call came in to FBI headquarters. It was Mrs. Anna Sage. She said that Dillinger was treating her and Polly Hamilton to the movies that night.

Which theater? She wasn't sure. Either the Marboro or the Biograph.

The G-men had to cover both. Swarms of FBI men and Indiana State

Dillinger at age 19, at the start of his criminal career. He and gang vowed that cops would have to kill all of them.

Morbidly curious file past Dillinger's body. One ghoul, not shown here, wanted to buy the corpse for $10,000.

Crowd gathers at alley in which noted gangster died. This final operation was almost fouled up by FBI and police.

Prison photo of Dillinger in 1929 when he was in Michigan City, Indiana. He was betrayed by "lady in red."

Police converged on the theaters. Purvis went to the Biograph.

Dillinger had chosen the Biograph. He wanted to see a gangster movie and that theater featured *Manhattan Melodrama* with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and William Powell.

Dillinger appeared with Mrs. Sage and Polly Hamilton. He sported his straw hat. He was in his shirt sleeves. He bought three tickets and entered the theater.

Outside now, and in the lobby, there were so many G-men and Indiana cops in plainclothes that the movie theater manager suspected that the lurking men were about to take his receipts. He had not been told that in his theater at the moment was the most wanted man in the United States.

While Public Enemy Number 1 enjoyed the show, Cowley ordered Purvis to stand outside the theater and to the left of the box office. When Dillinger appeared, Purvis was to light the cigar in his mouth. That would be the signal for five agents to close in.

Purvis waited. He wore a blue jacket, white slacks and shoes and a straw hat. He stood outside for two hours. It was almost time for the show to break.

Then a snag developed.

The theater manager was at his wit's end by now. He was sure he was going to be robbed. So he did the only thing he could do under the circumstances. He called the Chicago police.

Just as Dillinger came out of the movie, the local cops moved in. They approached two FBI agents near Purvis and demanded to know who they were and what was going on.

Purvis spotted the wanted man and lit his cigar. The signal apparently was not received. The agents did not move

(Please turn page)

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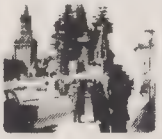
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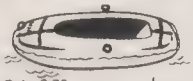
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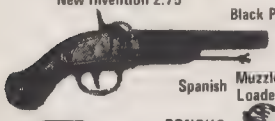
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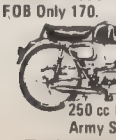
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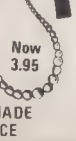
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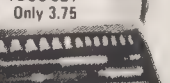
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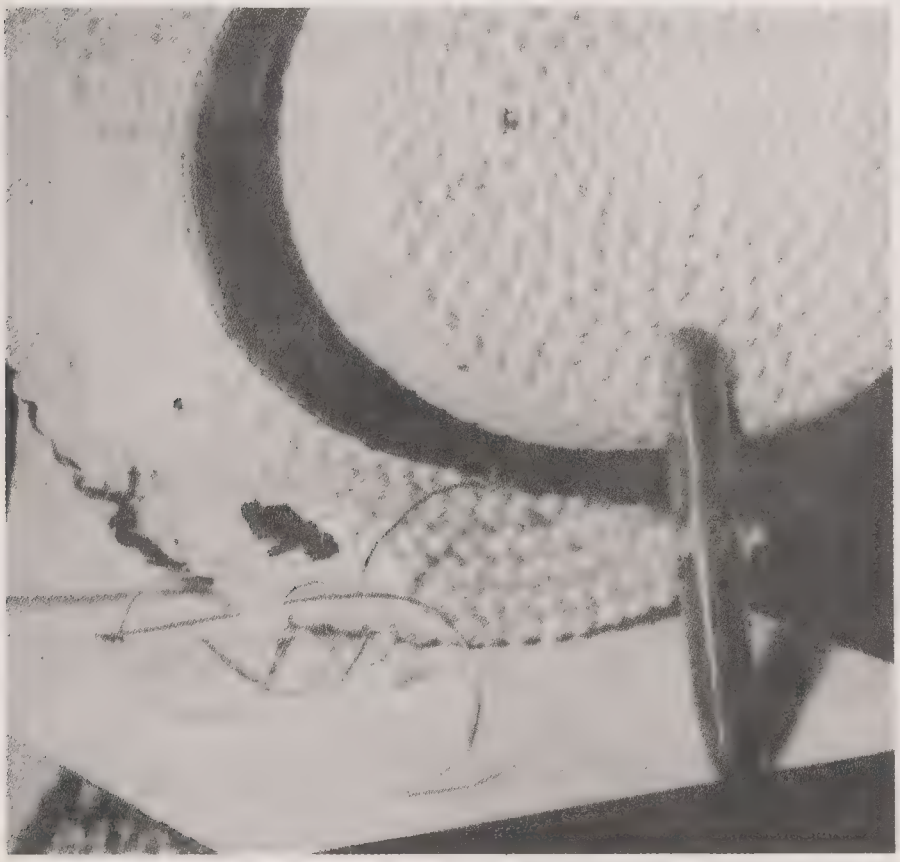
All the weapons being held by these Tucson, Arizona lawmen were part of Dillinger's arsenal. Photo was taken 1/25/34.



Dillinger's trade mark was straw hat. This one shows bullet hole. His glasses were shattered when he fell in the alley.

in. It was likely that they were having trouble trying to explain to the Chicago police who they were.

So Purvis took the initiative. He followed Dillinger. When the crowd thinned out a bit he drew his revolver and shouted, "Stick 'em up, Johnny! We have you surrounded."

Polly and Mrs. Sage, in her bright orange dress, knew enough to fall away from the prey.

Dillinger did not stop, nor did he turn around. He started to run, his right hand digging for a .38 automatic in his pants pocket.

The action prompted three agents, at least, to open fire. Dillinger was hit in the side and the back as he ran for an alley at the side of the theater. He went down. His hand held the gun and Purvis ran to take it away from him before he could use it. But it wasn't necessary. Dillinger was dead.

Purvis got some blood on his white pants. A souvenir hunter offered him fifty dollars for them.

Dillinger was buried in the Crown Point Cemetery, but to keep morbid fans from the body, the casket had to be covered with three feet of cement. This was the father's doing. Dillinger, Sr. had been offered $10,000 for his

Edgar Hoover. His Bureau was
restricted. Robbing banks was not a
federal offense in the days when the
at gangster ran wild. Nor was it a
prosecution. Hoover could act only
when Dillinger's gang stole a car and
drove it across a state line. The car in
question was a Ford belonging to a

son's body. He turned it down. He also knew that if he did not take proper precautions at the grave, ghouls would dig up the remains for their own nefarious purposes. Hence the cement.

Dillinger, Sr., however, was not above cashing in on his son's notoriety. He toured the vaudeville circuits, billing himself as "John Dillinger's Kindly Old Father."

Con men in Chicago also turned an easy dollar by selling pieces of cloth which were said to have been dipped in the blood spilled in the alley near the Biograph. The FBI also got into the act. It had a death mask made of the wanted man and it is still on display in Washington, D.C.

A month later St. Paul police caught up with Homer Van Meter and

(Continued on page 66)

FBI Headquarters in Washington, D. C. displays part of Dillinger-Nelson arms collection. At the lower center of the photo is a Colt .45 automatic. It was converted into a fully automatic machine pistol and fitted with a forward Tommy gun grip, extra-long clip and silencer.

This stockless .45-caliber Thompson submachine gun was used by Dillinger. Supposedly, it had been altered by Baby Face Nelson. Control was best maintained by holding front and rear grips. However, gangsters sometimes fired the weapon with one hand while scooping up the money with the other, or firing a second weapon.

BEWARE THE VIOLENT WORLD OF THE CHING "FOBS"

Don't look now but the next guy who mugs you may be Asian. Chances are better than good that if you live in a large city with an Oriental population you may be the target of an attack, an extortion attempt or even a murder.

Street gangs with Eastern backgrounds are growing at a frightening rate.

Metropolitan police express alarm.

Social scientists are studying the problem with the hope of solving it before it gets out of hand. But it may be too late.

That, at least, is the feeling of anthropologist Walter B. Miller of Harvard's Center for Criminal Justice. He says, "Many urban communities are gripped with hopelessness that anything can be done to curb the unremitting menace of the gangs."

Miller's interest in the subject goes back to 1954. He has just spent a year studying today's gangs in six cities—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Detroit and San Francisco. Nearly all have sizeable Oriental populations.

He says that the most surprising change that he has discovered is the monumental increase in the number of Asian-Americans involved in street crimes.

"Accepted doctrine for many years has been that Oriental youths pose negligible problems in juvenile delinquency or gang activity," says Miller. "This accepted tenet has been seriously undermined by the events of the 1970s—not only by the violent activities of the newly immigrated 'Hong Kong Chinese,' but by the development in several cities of gangs of Filipinos, Japanese and other Asian groups. The estimated number of Asian gangs is now almost equal to that of white gangs and may exceed their number in the near future."

Wah Ching members are being questioned by police in Chinatown. Says cop, "Tension is so thick here you can feel it."

Not long ago in San Francisco's Chinatown a middle-aged couple came out of a nightclub and heard a youngster cry for help. They located the source of the trouble around the corner. The couple was horrified to see a young Chinese boy being brutally beaten by ten Chinese punks who were using heavy leather belts on him.

On impulse, the man tried to break it up before the boy was beaten to death. Suddenly, a butcher knife was rammed into his stomach. His wife screamed. The victim staggered back, blood flowing between his fingers as he made a desperate attempt to stop the bleeding.

The man stumbled toward the more populated area of Chinatown while the gang beat him mercilessly with their belts.

This story did not appear in newspapers. The victim survived after an emergency operation, but the police refuse to reveal his name. They feel that his anonymity is his only hope for survival.

The reason for the hush-hush attitude is the gang itself. It was not just an ordinary group of young toughs. The members belonged to the dreaded Wah Ching. It means Chinese Youth. They are youthful immigrants from Hong Kong. The Wah Ching was formed as far back as 1964. A few

Peaceful exterior, but fear grips Chinatowns of all major cities. Too often, tourists become victims of FOB gangs.

years later the Federal Government let down the quota barriers for Orientals and thousands of new families poured into the Chinatowns of most big cities. As a result, the ranks of the Wah Ching also swelled.

And so have crime statistics in those areas. So far there have been 50 slayings in the San Francisco Chinatown community. The figures were compiled since 1970. Ten years ago there were only 85 juvenile arrests for one year. In 1976 the figure jumped to 615 for the year.

Youth worker Harry Chuck says, "We've never experienced this kind of total lawlessness. When we find a 13-year-old carrying a gun, it's scary."

Recently, a 32-year-old man named Yip Yang ran panic-stricken through a crowd of tourists on Grant Avenue in San Francisco's Chinatown. It was broad daylight, a Sunday afternoon when sightseers were especially thick.

Yang ran as if in fear for his life. He was. Behind him was a youth carrying a snub-nosed .38-caliber revolver. On Pacific Avenue the youngster was only a few yards behind the frightened man, who pushed and weaved through the slow-moving crowd.

The youth then stopped and took careful aim, holding the weapon with both hands. He squeezed off two shots. The crowd scattered, screaming and trying to hide. Both bullets found their mark in Yang's back. He fell to the sidewalk. As he struggled to get to his feet his attacker rushed up and grabbed him by the collar.

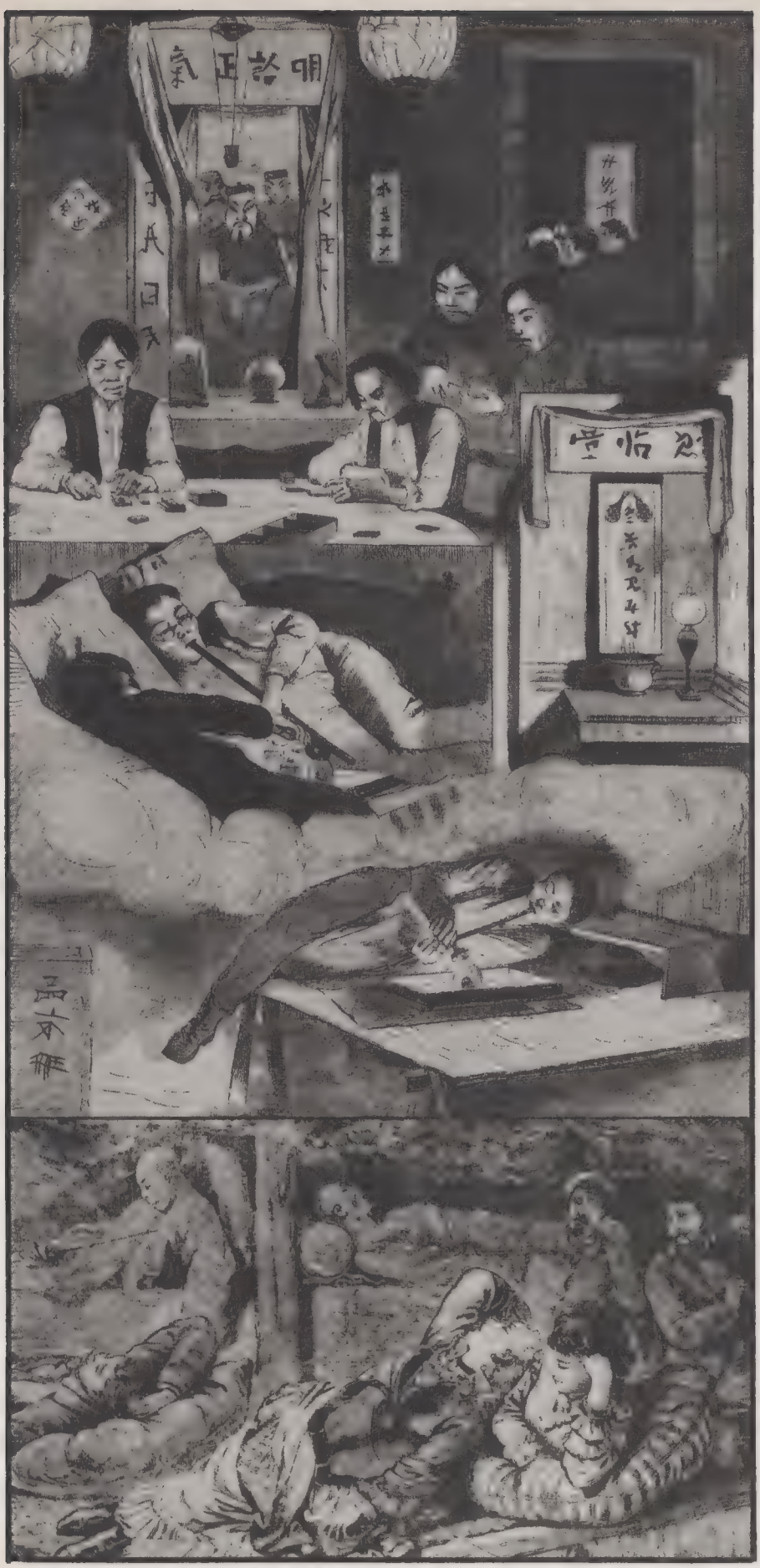
And with the cold deliberateness of a paid killer, the youth pumped two bullets into Yang's head. The young killer ran into an alley, tossed the gun away and disappeared.

This was not an isolated incident. Nor is the terror confined to San Francisco's Chinatown. Most big cities are experiencing difficulties with their restless, vengeful Oriental youths. In New York City's Chinatown, for example, there are the Black Eagles, White Eagles and the Quan Ying gangs, all of whom are at each other's throats most of the time. In the past two years New York police have investigated 15 murders. In every case the victim was connected with one of three gangs mentioned above. A New York police intelligence officer stated, "We haven't even begun to sort this thing out." Another said, "Chinatown's becoming another Fort Apache (a high crime area in the South Bronx). It's not safe to walk the streets at night."

In New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and other major metropolitan communities the number of stabbings, shootings and beatings in the Oriental sections are reaching staggering proportions.

The normally placid Chinatowns are experiencing reigns of terror that rival the bloody Tong wars of the 1930s. Police Sergeant Robert Cirimele of San Francisco's Chinatown says, "You go into a restaurant for a cup of coffee and you can actually feel the fear."

Wah Ching street gangs maraud



In the old Chinatowns lorded over by Tongs, gambling and opium dens flourished. Tongs still wield powerful whip.

openly and during daylight hours. They apparently have no fear. Their main occupations are robbery and extortion. Frightened merchants pay these punks anywhere from $20 to $200 a month, which protects them from having their store windows smashed. They don't have any choice. They have seen what has happened to those who have reneged.

Not long ago 100 Wah Ching members barreled into the newly-remodeled Great Star Theater, smashed windows and threw cherry bomb firecrackers. That was followed up with the invasions of four other Chinese-language movie houses, all of them vandalized at a cost of thousands of dollars for repairs.

Not satisfied with their destructive spree, the Wah Ching then went after restaurants, curio shops and service stations. The vandalism here was frightful. In its attack on Smokey Wong's Chevron station hoses were slashed on 14 separate occasions during a recent two-month period. The reason: Wong refused to kowtow to the gang's payment demands for protection.

The Wah Ching and other violent Oriental groups have caused enough havoc to be of deep concern to the old Tong societies which still exist. The Tongs might be referred to as the Chinese Mafia. They control the vice and gambling in all of the Chinatowns throughout the country. They also control most of the legitimate businesses.

They are worried about the Wah Ching, so much so that in recent months they have been issuing threats to the gangs to take it easy. They don't want punk kids muscling in on their rackets. And behind those threats is the sobering realization that if the gangs don't cool it there will be wars far bloodier than those which had taken place 40 years ago.

So far the gangs have not heeded the warning. At least not in San Francisco. The police have not been effective. There have been only a few isolated arrests. Authorities admit that the main reason is the lack of communication between the white and yellow cultures.

Victor Wong, a cameraman for an educational TV station, covers the district and is well aware of the secretiveness of its people. "You have to realize," says Wong, "that all of Chinatown is a secret society. Before the immigration law was changed,

more than half the people came over here with false papers. Now that cause is gone, but 120 years of hiding from the white society have left their mark."

Unfortunately, no effort has been made to bridge the isolation of the Chinese communities. Authorities have not tried to reach inside to find out the problems beseting the people. There are 1800 policemen on the force in San Francisco. Only three are Chinese and they don't walk beats in Chinatown.

Thus the community has turned to the Tongs for help. But there's a problem here, too. The Tongs have grown old and complacent. They own and operate small eating clubs. Each group has its own little vice racket going for it. They are not equipped to handle the challenge.

When the Wah Ching first appeared on the scene, the older Tongs bought them off. Gang members were given jobs as lookouts and bodyguards.

But that kind of action did not satisfy the Wah Ching. They demanded more money. On several occasions they even raided the Tong's gambling dens.

After that kind of harassment, two of the more powerful Tongs decided to take some action. Ads suddenly appeared in the Chinese Pacific Weekly. They read: "If you damage any business enterprise owned by our members, we will go after you all the way."

The editor of the newspaper, Gilbert Woo, says: "In the old days, if two Tongs got into a war the community leaders could make them listen to reason. But not the kids. They have nothing to lose. If a battle started now, there would be no end to it—and it will be even more bloody than before."

Who are the Wah Ching and other violent groups? They are the youths who are pouring into the United States from Taiwan, Hong Kong and Macao. There are about 12,000 FOB (fresh off the boat) Chinese in San Francisco alone. They have no skills and most are unable to speak any English at all. They have no family ties. For the most part they are locked out of jobs by the ABC (American-born Chinese), and the few jobs available in garment factories pay only 60 cents an hour. Restaurants pay double that figure.

If the foreign-born youths want jobs, they have to be secured through the Tongs. But the Tongs don't want to have anything to do with the kids.

Eddie Gong, leader of Hip Sing Tong, inspects cleavers. Boo How Doi Tong war brought violence to N.Y. Chinatown.

These are samples of the betting slips being used today in the Chinatowns of our large metropolitan areas.

The Wah Ching was actually formed as a social club and a job corps. Alice Barkley, a community worker in the area, says, "These kids tried, they really tried to get programs going, to find jobs."

The ABCs didn't bother to respond. Mason Wong is the Director of the Chinatown Youth Services Center. His predecessor was murdered by a youth gang. But Wong has been on the job long enough to know the score. He says, "The guys in the Tongs didn't care about helping the kids. They just want to keep them from causing trouble."

Albert Cheng is a legal-aid project manager. He spent a year studying the

Mock Duck, old time Tong leader, made his fortune through opium dens and in gambling houses in San Francisco.

kids in Chinatown. "In the 1960s," says Cheng, "it was an American-born world, and the American-born Chinese were always beating the hell out of the foreign-born."

The project manager adds, "These are unsaveable kids. They have no English skills, no marketable skills, no family. Their work would be manual labor and in recessions that's impossible. They've simply passed the point of no return."

There are other reasons why the Tongs are disinterested. They have an almost natural disdain for whites. They also don't want cops looking over their shoulders at what they themselves are doing in matters of gambling, drugs and prostitution.

So the Wah Ching continues to rob, extort and kill. More recently it has also engaged in gang wars. Not long ago two FOB brothers formed their own gang called the Chung Ching Yee. Its leaders were Joe Fong and Chung Way Fong, who was fifteen at the time.

The new faction wanted the influence and the turf controlled by the Wah Ching. The battles which were waged between the two gangs were bloody affairs to say the least. Eleven members on both sides were killed and scores were injured, some quite seriously. After Joe Fong allegedly pumped dozens of bullets into a Wah Ching car in October, he was apprehended and brought to trial. He is now serving a life sentence for conspiracy to commit murder. Chung Way Fong was arrested after he had allegedly murdered a leader of the Wah Ching.

A third brother, Chung Ching Yee, has taken over leadership of the gang. However, he insists that his members do nothing more than play soccer, basketball and go to dances.

"I believe in being reasonable," Chung Ching Yee says. "Often when a restaurant tab is $45, $30 is what's reasonable. Now you've got some kids running around without jobs—how are they possibly going to pay the tabs?"

Steve Fong, no r lation to the Fong brothers, is president of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce. He says, "It's ruining business, but I don't see any way to solve it." He tells us that nearly everyone blames the city administration for not stepping in to help the community's economic and social problems.

What do the gang members have to say? Very few speak enough English to be quoted. But one was able to make himself understood. He states:

"We used to fight the American-born Chinese all the time. They call us 'Chinabugs.' We say, 'Who you think you are?' They say, 'We American-born.' That's a joke. They Chinese same as us. We used to fight the Negroes. The first time—they beat us. They bigger. But we always come back. The first time, you bigger than me, you beat me, I lose. But you better not be alone again. Because we find you, two, three, four of us. We walk up to you on the street, one here, one there, one over there, not even look at you, not say a word, just rip you off. We never marched as a gang. We all came to the same place at the same time from every direction. One minute, nobody. Next, all there at once. You have to kill us to stop us. You split my head open, I get up, keep fighting. We all been to hospital. I been there three times."

As for the weapons used the spokesman said that axes and knives were favored. They are wielded in much the same way that the old Tong hatchet men used them in the 1890s. At that time the warriors were dressed in black. The Tongs were more violent than they are now. Like the Wah Ching today, they fought for turf, for control, for influence. In those days opium dens flourished. Today it is the drug ring. Prostitution never changed. It's still one of Chinatown's big money makers and the Tongs have it sewn up.

For about 100 years the Chinese in this country had been part of a male-oriented society. In the 1850s there were hard times in the Canton area. Villagers sent their young sons to Hong Kong, Macao, Shanghai, the Philippines, Hawaii or California. Their task was to make money and then send it home. Only males went. Wives and children stayed home. As a result, the men made money, sent some of it home and spent the rest on gambling, opium and prostitutes.

In 1882 the Chinese Exclusion Act ended legal immigration of Chinese to this country. During that period there were 32,000 Chinese in San Francisco. Only 1400 of them were female.

Anti-Chinese feelings ran high at the turn of the century and many of the males returned home. At the outbreak of World War II there were only 18,000 Chinese in San Francisco, mostly men. The second generation was a neglibible few thousand.

During the war the Exclusion Act was repealed. Some 5,000 brides came in from Hong Kong and a few years later Chinatown experienced something of a baby boom. The American-born Chinese (ABCs) followed the old precepts. In the '40s, '50s and early '60s they prided themselves on being members of an almost crime-free community.

Then came the FOBs. Blood flows again, not only in the streets of San Francisco, but in all of the communities having Chinatowns.

Because of the secret-society atmosphere which prevails in these areas, no one really knows how bad the situation is. The cops count the dead. The hospitals record the bloody wakes in broken skulls and slashed flesh. But what are the gangs like the Wah Ching planning for the future?

To the police, it is an enigma. To the old Tongs it is a mosquito that insists on drawing blood. . .and a mosquito that may soon grow to eagle size. To the tourist it represents the risk of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

The only advice that can be offered is. . .*beware*!

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EVERYBODY WANTED TO KILL THE DUTCHMAN:

Arthur "Dutch Schultz" Flegenheimer: His decision to kill Special Investigator Thomas E. Dewey decided his own fate.

■ In the early fall of 1935, Arthur Flegenheimer, better known to the world as Dutch Schultz, decided to kill the Special Investigator for the New York Grand Jury, Thomas E. Dewey.

That fatal decision simultaneously fingered the Dutchman himself for execution by the top echelon of the underworld.

Among the syndicate bosses up in arms against Dutch Schultz were such infamous names as "Lucky" Luciano, Albert Anastasia, Vito (the Don) Genovese, Louis Lepke, and Frank Costello.

Certainly, the syndicate held no great love or affection for the Special Investigator who had caused untold damage to its various illegal operations. But it felt that any attempt on his life would bring the house down on its own head.

The Dutchman, on the other hand, was no small noise. If he said that he was going to do something, it had to take him seriously. He was a very unstable force and one that could not be controlled.

The Dutchman's enterprises controlled an empire almost as formidable as the syndicate's. And the syndicate envisioned taking over the Dutchman's domain and ridding itself of a troublemaker.

The Dutchman had a heavy reputation as a tough among the toughs, and it realized that it wouldn't be easy to hit him.

But they had to kill Dutch Schultz.

The Dutchman was only 18 when Prohibition began, and by the time he was in his mid-twenties he was bootlegging.

It started for him in 1928, when Schultz and his partner Joe Noe, who owned and operated a number of speakeasies in the Bronx, decided to go into the beer distribution business.

Together, with a mob of reputed musclemen and killers such as Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll, Bo Weinberg, Joey Rao, Larry Carney and Fats McCarthy they invaded and took over the territory of the Rock Brothers.

Joe Rock was obstinate and refused to give way to the Bergen Gang of Dutch's henchmen. He soon discovered that they meant business.

Formerly, the Bergen gang was a ring of extortionists that operated in the Bronx. In the slum enclaves where Dutch grew up it was one way of survival.

But now they were after the big money. The money that only a beer distributorship could bring to them.

BUT IT WAS LEPKE WHO GOT HIM

Louis (Lepke) Buchalter arranged the double-cross that ended with the Dutchman taking the fall.

One night, Dutch Schultz, Vincent Coll and Joey Noe paid a visit to the home of Joe Rock. Forcibly, they took him to a garage where they stored their trucks.

It was too late now for Joe Rock to talk about retirement. They blindfolded him with a rag moistened with Gonorrhea droppings that eventually caused blindness, and drove two meathooks through each of his hands. Joe Rock hung from the meatracks for two days before his brother could come up with the $35,000 in ransom money for his brother's life.

That was an example to the rest of the world. Dutch Schultz was showing the true meaning of viciousness.

It wasn't long before they were moving into new headquarters on 149th Street, where armed guards stood in front of the steel doors. Dutch Schultz became the beer baron of his world.

By the late 1920's, Dutch operated 17 breweries in the Yonkers area grossing some two million dollars a year. But the Dutchman wasn't content with that alone. He decided to move in on the Harlem numbers racket.

With the usual force, Dutch assembled the leaders of the numbers racket and made a merger with them. It was a policy that eventually netted big profits for Dutch, and his mob. They were grossing some $65,000 daily from the numbers in a $20 million a year business, better than doubling the pre-merger take of the numbers racket.

Only one bullet hit the Dutchman. Hole can be seen here just below the chest. Wound, however, proved to be fatal.

Schultz had the political protection of James J. Hines as well as the usual payoffs to other crooked cops and politicians.

To insure the take from the numbers racket, they figured out a way to rig the payoff.

It was the policy to pay off on the last three numbers of racing-bet totals. Otto Berman, a member of the Schultz mob, was somewhat of a mathematical genius. Better known as "Abbadabba," Otto Berman would go to the track and figure out what the total take would be. If one number was heavily played on, he would rush in a just-under-the-wire bet to make certain that the policy slips would not pay

Morgue shots of Abbadabba Berman (left) and Abe Landau. They were the first to die in the Newark shootout.

War began between Vincent Coll (above) and Dutchman when "Mad Dog" wanted piece of Schultz's action.

Schultz in hospital after being shot in the Palace Chop House. He succumbed the day after this photo was taken.

Schultz is shown after surrendering on an outstanding fugitive warrant from New York. He was shot a month later.

off in any large numbers.

Dutch Schultz was well disciplined in making war and money by this time. Soon, the Dutchman decided to step up the take by going into the restaurant/extortion business. At that time, restaurants had an annual gross of $400 million. Too good to miss up on.

First thing Schultz and his associates did was to take over a culinary union and then create The Metropolitan Cafeteria and Restaurant Owners Association. The members received a plaque designating the figures representing a friendly handshake between restaurants and cafeterias. Monies from the dues in the organization varied on a sliding scale basis according to the worth of restaurant's annual income. Some restaurants were paying as much as $50,000 a year for the protection and the plaque that Schultz offered in return for membership in the organization.

Schultz was known to be notoriously stingy. Never in his life spending more than two dollars on a shirt and always buying the cheapest suits.

When Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll asked Schultz for a piece of the action in his beer empire, he dismissed the high-spirited Coll with the shake of a hand and told him in no uncertain terms that he would sooner put him in a pine box.

That started a war between Schultz and the Coll brothers that set the underworld on fire.

The Coll brothers went on a rampage, hijacking Schultz whiskey trucks and killing five drivers in one week.

The underworld bosses watched the two combatants with growing alarm because the heat generated by this open warfare caused trouble for their own operations. Soon, they dedicated themselves to halting the flow of blood that was draining away all of organized crime.

"Lucky" Luciano and other members of the Mafia grew restive and weary of this infernal bloodshed.

It wasn't long after that that Coll was set up for execution in a drug store telephone booth by Owney Madden.

Coll had invaded the territory of

Lucky Luciano also wanted Shultz dead. It just so happened that he was moving in on the policy racket.

Two detectives flank Charlie (The Bug) Workman in 1941 as he heads for New Jersey to face trial in murder of Schultz.

Owney "The Killer" Madden and snatched his partner, Jean DeMange from the restaurant they controlled, and held him for ransom.

Dutch Schultz' problems ended with the elimination of Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll. But in actuality the end was approaching for the Dutchman, as well.

Plagued by arrests throughout his career for assault, attempted murder and weapons charges, he was now hounded by Dewey for income tax evasion.

As a result, Schultz went into hiding in Newark from the new and very ambitious Special Prosecutor.

For the first time, the law was able to obtain convictions against top bosses in the underworld. Dewey had pointed a finger at Luciano, Vito Genovese, Anastasia and Dutch Schultz as prime targets.

To Dutch Schultz, talk of murder was like playing with a woman, a woman you didn't give a damn about except for moments of sexual excitement—murder itself was like an orgasm to Dutch, an explosion, a release from all his pent-up aggressiveness which was inextricably intermingled with other aspects of his neurotic nature.

And now, the Dutchman's attention turned to the death of Thomas E. Dewey. He wanted, in no uncertain terms to hit the "son-of-a-bitch."

Lucky Luciano, Johnny Torrio, Albert Anastasia and the host of others reasoned that it was best to play along with Dutch Schultz for the moment. They had eventually realized that hitting the Special Prosecutor would tear their operations to shreds.

The logistics for killing the Dutchman were to be worked out by Louis Lepke and Anastasia. The Dutchman would not be swayed from his reckless path. The syndicate had no other choice but to deal with him in the same manner they dealt with "Mad Dog" Colle.

A week later when the D.A. Dewey heard about the mob meeting with the objective of knocking him off, he was quoted to have said: "Good. We've got them on the run. The thing now is to keep them off balance." And that he did. Dewey chose a select group of young unknown police officers to raid 20 various branches of the mob's number rackets. Most of these locations were part and parcel of the Dutch Schultz operation.

As a result, Schultz had to hide out in Newark from the cops. The mob

Baby was killed in this carriage when Coll and Schultz' gunman held a wild gunfight on the streets of New York.

knew that Schultz was planning to execute the D.A. in short order. He had planted one of his men in guise as a strolling baby carriage father to keep tabs on the maurauding D.A.'s schedule.

Though the mob had no clear point of attack to handle the D.A., they certainly didn't want Dutch Schultz to take things in his own hands.

Louis Lepke telephoned Schultz at his Newark hideaway and arranged for another meeting that would detain the Schultz gang from promptly executing the D.A. Reles was sent as an emissary to Newark and held the fort while they came up with a plan to hit the Dutchman.

On the evening of October 23, 1935, at the Palace Chop House in Newark, Dutch Schultz was gunned down along with three of his bodyguards in the backroom of the bar.

Cops carry body of "Mad Dog" Coll from drugstore on West 23rd St., New York. He was slain by Schultz' henchmen.

District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey. When the Dutchman said he wanted Dewey dead it sent shivers of fear through the underworld. Luciano, Torrio and Anastasia knew that hitting the special prosecutor would rip their operations to shreds. It was far better, they reasoned, to wipe out the maniac who wanted to kill Dewey. Because of his record of "hits," Lepke was the natural selection.

Beer baron chats with his counselor, J. Richard Davis. Dapper mouthpiece tried most policy cases in Manhattan. When Schultz expressed interest in Harlem numbers, Davis was instrumental in the mechanics of taking over the racket, which came to annual take of $20 million.

The prearranged plans to send Charley "the Bug" Wheelman, Mendy Weiss and Abe Reles up to Newark to deal with the Dutchman in his plans to knock off the D.A. Dewey was a laughing matter to the three killers who double-crossed the Dutchman on Louis Lepke's order.

With Dutch Schultz that night were Abe Berman, his mathematical genius, Lulu Rosenkrantz and Misfit Landau. They were working on the day's take from the policy numbers over an accounting machine when the expected visitors arrived.

Wheelman and Mendy Weiss carried machine guns in shopping bags through the bar to the backroom, where the Dutchman was sitting. He was about to say that they had a good take despite the raids on his policy takers. The winning number that day was triple zero! The Dutchman had his final release, dying the next day.●

YOU AND THE HOOKER-HOOD TERROR ALLIANCE

■In the days when coffee went for a nickel and the waitress for fifty cents, the mobs were deeply into the prostitution racket. The bosses had their brothels, stocking them with the best-looking women they could find. They had already seen the huge profits to be made in the selling of human flesh and were determined to cash in on it.

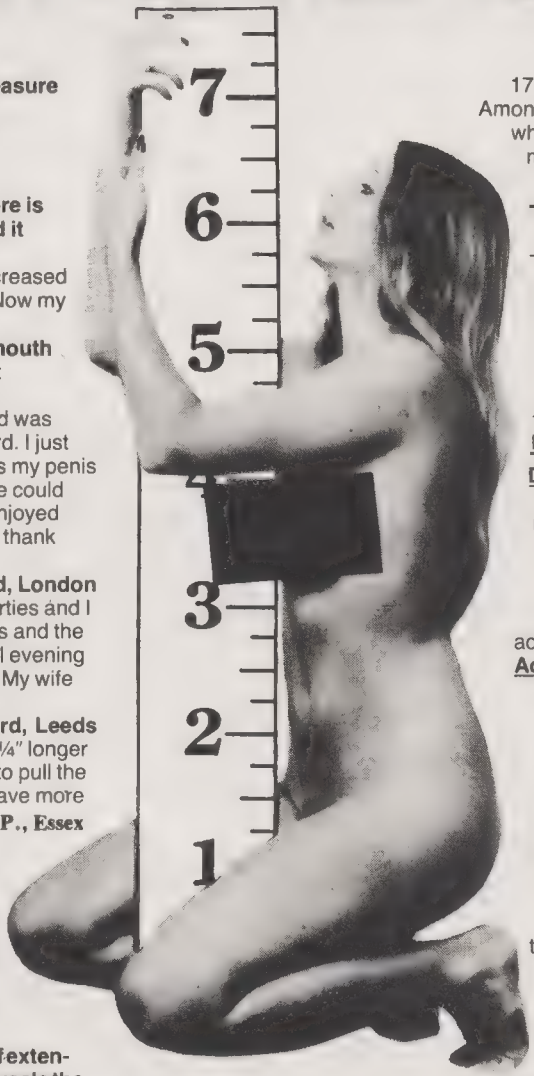
They had known, for instance, that in 1910 the Chicago Vice Commission had estimated that in Chicago alone there were 1,020 brothels employing 5,000 madams, maids and prostitutes and that the gross annual revenue amounted to $60,000,000.

No self-respecting mob leader would pass up a potential income like that.

Even on the lowest level of prostitution in those days high profits were assured. On the corner of 19th Street and Armour Avenue in Chicago there was a brothel called Bed Bug Row. The whores were blacks and they occupied 25-cent cribs. The Bucket of Blood was across the street. It was a saloon and whorehouse. The California was on Dearborn Street. Its proprietor was 300-pound "Blubber

"Visiting firemen" from out-of-state mobs don't have to look for chicks. The locals supply them in quantity.

MEN WHO MEASURE UP



Are you the kind of man who can measure up to any woman? Do you have the confidence and ability to please any woman?
One particular method has been a tremendous success in England. Here is what the Englishmen who have used it have to say:

After just three weeks my penis has increased in length by ¾" and nearly ½" in girth. Now my wife wants it all the time.

J.H.C., Portsmouth

Startling results. My wife has just spent three months in Canada with relations. When she returned the first thing we did was rush to the bedroom. I never said a word. I just got undressed and watched her face as my penis hardened. The result was amazing, she could not leave it alone and we have never enjoyed sex so much or for so long. Thank you, thank you.

Brian L., Catford, London

My wife and I go to alot of swapping parties and I often found it difficult to see the females and the evening out, but now I can keep it up all evening and we are now in great demand. P.S. My wife also sends her thanks.

Jean and Richard, Leeds

I still don't believe it! My penis is now 1¼" longer and ½" thicker. Also I seem to be able to pull the birds better, probably because I now have more confidence.

M.P., Essex

Despite all recent attempts at downplaying its significance, penis size can have great relevance to the individual. Concern is not restricted to those with below average dimensions. The source of anxiety may be physical, psychological, pathological or any combination of the three.

Now, for the first time, after years of extensive research Brian Richards M.D. reveals the medical facts about penis enlargement. In his new book, 'The Penis', all doubt is finally removed about the effective methods of penis enlargement. He thoroughly explains each method and brings to bear the definitive results obtained from scientifically controlled experiments.

Irrational?

However irrational it might appear, every man would like to have a large penis. It is only natural to think that something bigger and better will behave that way. And the truth is that the vast majority of women *do* think that way. Dr. Richards explains that this preference is not completely due to just psychological pressures or social coercion. "The explanation for the women's choice is that a thick penis causes greater stretching of the sphincter and a greater feeling of being filled."

Achievable?

There is little doubt then that the big penis is a worthwhile goal. But is it achievable? The result of Dr. Richards' study are unequivocal: "You can definitely enlarge the size of the Penis." The problem then is—how? Which methods work, which are just rip-offs and fancy quackery.

Medical Results

Years of extensive scientifically controlled medical experimentation went into the making of "The Penis." The most interesting example was that used to test for the effectiveness of one particular method of enlargement. After collection of initial basic data, the patients were instructed in this particular method of penis enlargement, which is described in detail.

Changes began to be recorded during the second week. At the end of the experimentation period, the average length increase was 17% and the average breadth increase was 16%. Among a second similarly selected group of subjects who were not instructed in the penis enlargement method, no increase in penis size was found. The following is a table of results obtained.

Case No	Age	LENGTH Starting	LENGTH Ending	LENGTH Change of	GIRTH Starting	GIRTH Ending	GIRTH Change of
1	19	5.5	6.5	1.0	5.6	6.6	1.0
2	36	6.5	7.4	.9	5.8	6.6	.8
3	60	5.9	6.9	1.0	5.9	6.9	1.0
11	44	6.1	7.2	1.1	5.0	5.9	.8
13	31	6.4	7.4	1.0	5.2	6.1	.9
15	64	Dropped out of trial					
17	20	6.0	7.2	1.2	5.0	6.0	1.0
27	24	5.9	7.1	1.2	5.2	6.1	.9
Total	298	42.3	49.7	7.4	37.7	44.2	6.5
Mean	37.25	6.0	7.1	1.1	5.4	6.3	.9

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Bob" Gray. His wife Therese handled the girls, who went for a dollar each. They wore shifts and paraded in the windows so potential clients could see their charms.

The early mobsters were also well aware of the famed Everleigh sisters and the huge profits they reaped. Their bawdy house was probably the most famous one in the world.

Ada and Minna opened their Everleigh Club on February 1, 1900. Their reign lasted eleven years. Their bordello was like a palace, with Greek statuary, exotic shrubs, mahogany stairs, brocaded draperies, walnut-paneled dining rooms and a solid gold piano.

The sisters dressed themselves like empresses. Their girls were not half-naked wenches but the smartest-looking women to be found anywhere. The price ranged from $10 to $50, depending on how long a client wanted to keep her engaged. When a customer left the club he was usually out about $100, much of which was spent on the wine and dinner. But he never went away dissatisfied with the service.

There was only one big problem with the hookers. They aged quickly. They lasted no more than five years as parlor prostitutes, then sank to the cheaper brothels. They were usually victims of drugs, alcohol or disease. As a result, whoremongers were constantly looking for fresh talent. The best route open to them was white slavery.

The term "white slavery" is believed to have originated with a madam name Mary Hastings, who prowled through the midwest in the nineties looking for suitable girls for her Chicago brothel. She wanted them young, between 13 and 17, and her lure was the promise of a job in Chicago. Many of them returned to the Windy City with her.

Mary owned a three-story bordello called the Custom House Place. The girls were brought there and once inside they were stripped and locked in upper rooms. Professional rapists then took over. Once the girls were broken in, they were used in the brothel, going anywhere from $50 to $300, depending on their age and appeal. One girl, however, wrote a note on a piece of paper, saying: "I'm being held as a slave." She tossed it out of a window. A passerby picked it up, read it and brought it to the cops.

The subsequent police raid saw the girl and the other prisoners rescued. A newspaper reporter writing the story coined the phrase "white slave," and it stuck.

Nothing much was done about Mary Hastings. She operated her business for years afterward, but in 1910 Congress passed the White Slave or Mann Act, which made it illegal to transport a woman across state lines with immoral purposes.

The new law placed some restrictions on the mobs who eventually moved into the prostitution racket, but they operated at peak profits in spite of it. People like Big Jim Colisimo made fortunes. Colisimo, incidentally, set his girls up at $2 a throw and he kept $1.20 for himself.

The ties between the Mafia and prostitution continued for many years. Then the umbilical cord was broken when Lucky Luciano got himself convicted on a white slavery charge in New York.

Since then the mob people have been wary about getting involved. Of course, there is involvement on a small scale. A mobster can have a deal going with a madam. Some of the cat houses are still paying for protection. But everybody remembers when Lucky wasn't so lucky. They have given over the racket to the black pimps.

She may be a go-go girl, topless dancer or she may work in a "butt-out" joint. In any case, be wary of her.

◀ Organized crime now uses women for couriers, clerks, come-on girls. Those above were arrested for dealing in drugs.

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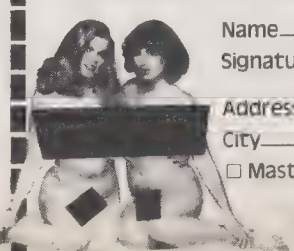

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If she's a one-night stand for you, be careful. She may owe her allegiance to the mob. Care must be exercised with her.

A paperback handbook issued by the U. S. Justice Department a few years ago pinpoints where the syndicates are going in connection with prostitution. It states:

"The prostitution racket is one domain of organized crime in many areas, and just as the narcotics involvement or organized crime leads to street crime by the addict to finance his habit so does the underworld's prostitution operation result in extortion of clients. In some cities organized crime has abandoned its prostitution interests. However, when organized crime is involved, the call-girl approach—in contrast to streetwalkers—is usually favored."

The mobs still consider the call girl vitally important to their operations. When they need information, they have found that the best way to pry it free is by sending a call girl to the holder of the information. A roll or two in the hay and the girl walks away with what her boss is looking for.

And for the visiting firemen, you can't beat a bevy of beauties for entertaining purposes.

Talk to a girl in a sex show, a go-go show, and if you're lucky she'll let you know that her real boss is not the dude in the backroom, but some shadowy figure who comes in once in awhile to take the receipts. The same goes for the topless dancers. They owe their allegiance to the mob.

Porn film actresses are usually controlled by the syndicates, as are the waitresses you can always find at the high-roller games or the "friendly" card games which take place regularly.

If you've ever been a victim in a "butt-out" joint then you have undoubtedly had contact with mob-controlled girls. In these nefarious establishments the girls sucker the male customers into buying drinks for them. The prices are outrageous. Worse, the girls aren't drinking liquor at all, but tea.

Even a guy with straw in his hair can see that, but he goes along with the sham because he expects to score with the girl.

(Continued on page 81)

SEX GANGS: THEY'RE ON THE PROWL FOR YOUR WOMAN!

■ A different kind of criminal is now among us. He is between 18 and 25. He lives in the affluent suburbs. His parents are likely to be well-adjusted and completely unaware of his criminality.

He is a member of a gang. With his peer group he makes no attempt to mug people, burglarize homes or hold up commercial establishments. He does not vandalize.

He and his gang have only one interest.

Rape.

It's the only "thrill" left. He has all the money he needs. He's tried all the drugs on the illicit market. He can bed down with any chick in town at any time.

But none of those things is enough.

To reach a new "high," he and his gang must force a girl into stripping down and permitting every member to have sexual intercourse with her. The more she begs and sobs the better they like it. For good measure they may even sodomize her.

The young gang rapists know the score. They know their victims won't turn them in because the girls are aware of what would happen to them if they did.

Such gangs are springing up all over the country. Nearly every affluent bedroom community has at least one gang devoted to forcible rape.

In San Diego it's the "Rape-a-Virgin Gang." There are about 20 members. Their ages run from 14 to 18. Membership is won by accosting an unescorted female and raping her.

All of the youths have excellent family backgrounds. Their parents admit to being too permissive, too lenient and lax in imposing restrictions.

San Diego has doubled its population since the 1960 census. The naval-and-marine-based city has more than one million residents, making it the second largest city in California. It has three wealthy suburbs: La Mesa, ten miles to the east, La Jolla to the north and San Ysidro to the south. All are made up of prosperous residents who want to live out their remaining years in peace.

Their children, however, have other ideas. They chafe under the easygoing tempo and their pampered existence. They are bored. They want action. And not the conventional kind.

Not long ago one member of the "Rape-a-Virgin Gang" was arrested after his lovely victim summoned up enough courage to turn him in.

A police psychiatrist asked the youth why he had resorted to forcible rape instead of taking the usual course with the customary dating process.

The teenager said, "I've gone that route. You take a girl out a couple of times, spend a bundle on her and then she won't come across. And if she does put out the first time or so, she's a pushover and that's no fun at all. But taking it away from her, now that's the kind of action that makes a guy feel like he's with it in a dead town like this."

So far, the gang has perpetrated at least 50 rapes and assaults with attempted rape, according to police. Only five victims have preferred charges. The others have been effec-

For the young, in some cases, normal sex relations are not enough. Violence and rape must now be included.

Girl was rescued from gang of rapists in San Diego. Perpetrators who were caught admitted rape was a new "high."

tively silenced by the gang by the use of Polaroid pictures and movies showing the girls in lewd poses. The threat to the victims is that the pictures will be shown to their parents and friends, or sold, if they don't keep quiet.

One 30-year-old divorcee was lured into a basement hang-out by one of the members. She expected coitus, but not a gang bang. When she tried to leave she was slapped around by the twelve youths who had been in the basement at the time.

The woman was ordered to strip. When she took too long she was beaten with leather belts. After all twelve gang members raped her, she was tied down on a sawhorse. She was beaten again with belts and, while still doubled over, was forced to have sexual intercourse with one male while another sodomized her.

It must be emphasized here that these youths are not from deprived ghettos. They come from posh homes. Their families have affluence and influence. Nor are they remorseful. They have no guilt feelings.

Said one member who was arrested recently, "Hell, those chicks don't have anything to complain about. They were bound to get banged by somebody, the way they went around asking for it. There wasn't one dame we took who'd make really good wife material, so what's the difference?"

Unfortunately, this gang is not an isolated case. Others are forming. Police have found that some are nothing more than sex clubs, while others try to emulate the older, more infamous gangs throughout the country. The "Honda Hellions" is a case in point.

There are 40 juvenile members, male and female. They are between 15 and 18. They operate on U. S. Highway 99E between Yuba City and Redding, California. The gang models itself after the notorious "Hell's Angels."

The youths here are from reputable families. Very few come from broken homes. Very few have records of emotional disturbances. Most are from Yuba City and Marysville. A few are from Chico.

They initiate their female members in the same way that the "Hell's Angels" used to do it in the 1950s and '60s. The girls are required to "pull a train" (have multiple sexual intercourse). They are also tattooed or branded to indicate ownership by a particular member of the gang.

The gang was actually no threat to law-abiding citizens until the day they were cruising on their motorcycles in the timber-producing section of the Sierra foothills. Here they came across a station wagon full of girls who were out for a picnic. The "Hellions" forced the car off the road. And what followed was a nightmare for the ten innocent girls.

Outnumbered and trapped in their vehicle, the girls were brought out one at a time and forced to strip. Any girl who screamed was punched in the mouth. Any girl who tried to run away was caught and beaten.

It was then decided by the gang that the station wagon and the cycles should be brought deep into the woods. This done, they could now concentrate on their captives, all of whom were naked, shivering and terror-stricken. Two of the girls fainted. Another, who had been punched in the mouth, was unable to stop the bleeding.

They stood huddled, trying desperately to hide their nudity. The cyclists had them surrounded. They stood back, sneering, trying to act like they thought the "Hell's Angels" would act under similar circumstances.

Then they moved in. The girls trembled. One of them opened her mouth to scream, but thought better of it. Another crumpled to the ground,

(Continued on page 65)

"ZIPS"—THE MAFIA'S NEWEST HIT MEN

■The mob-watchers are becoming painfully aware of a new development among the Brotherhood. New people are being brought in from the hills of Sicily. They are called "Zips." You might call them the "second team."

Hundreds are coming in from Sicily. They are being slipped into this country across the Canadian and Mexican borders. They have been coming in for the last five years.

Denis Dillon, who heads the Organized Crime Strike Force in Brooklyn, New York, says: "I can't tell what's going on in their minds, but it seems to me that the old bosses don't feel that the second-generation Italians are good enough.

"The mob is having discipline problems," continues Dillon, "and those aliens will do the mob's bidding because that's the way they were disciplined in the old country."

"Zips" know how to use a gun like this to kill on order.

They are also capable of, and have the stomach for, the silent kill with a knife. "Zips" are the Mafia's pets.

The aliens were brought into the country to pull off jobs like this. They are now branching into other fields.

He is perfect for the mob's needs. He has no ties in this country, no SS number, no IRS file, no record with the FBI.

According to reliable sources, more than 300 aliens have been smuggled into New York City, many of them settling in the Ridgewood section of Queens. A large number of them are fugitives from the Italian police. The aliens have also solidified their position with the five crime families of New York.

The Zips are taking over all of the street operations such as policy, loan-sharking, hijacking and extortion. The local toughs have been pushed out of the scene.

Zips are also handling the heavier assignments. More and more of these underworld jobs are being taken away from the American-born mobsters and given to the Zips. Why? Because they are more cold-blooded and better disciplined. Assassination duties for the mob must be handled quickly and thoroughly. The aliens know how to do it that way. Their favorite weapon is the silencer-equipped grease gun. One of these guns was found near the body of Tommy Eboli.

The Zips are just about perfect for the mobs. They are not known to the police. They don't have any police records in this country. They don't have social security numbers, draft cards and no fingerprint records on file anywhere. There are no photographs available to the cops. There are no talkative wives, no jealous neighbors. They are not known to the IRS and therefore cannot be audited. Best of all, they are not publicity seekers. They don't wish to be interviewed on talk shows and if anyone approached them to be technical advisors for mafia-type movies they would run and hide.

For police it's a mounting nightmare. They are losing track of mob operations. With the new arrivals on the streets, the cops don't recognize them. With this new team up front, detectives now have a brand new ball game to play. The favorite restaurants, the nicknames, the unlisted phone numbers don't count anymore. It had taken the law years to learn them; now they are scrapped.

Police now are aware of the fact that illegal immigrants are featured in more and more narcotics busts, robberies and murders. A case in point is Rosario Gambino. He is Carlo Gambino's cousin. Rosario was recently arrested in New York. The charge was threatening a policeman in an extortion case. He had been deported an earlier time as an illegal alien. Authorities did not know when or how he had gotten back into the country.

When the Zips first entered the

(Please turn page)

Like the old days, they are now coming in by the thousands, many of them fugitives from the Italian police departments.

"ZIPS"—THE MAFIA'S NEWEST HIT MEN

(Continued from page 64)

country they were used almost exclusively as "hit" men. According to insiders, they are now being used in business operations and in strong-arming capers.

Narcotics is one racket in which they are beginning to shine. Not long ago convicted dealer Louis Cirillo's home held more than one million dollars in cash, which was cached in the walls. Another case involved a suitcase holding $965,000, which was seized in the Bronx.

Zips were also taking part in a multi-million-dollar counterfeiting sceme, smashed by immigration authorities. The illegal aliens were allegedly connected with the Gambino family. The operation involved counterfeiting everything from passports to driver's licenses.

Says one qualified observer: "I've been watching the illegals. The locals used to laugh at them. They don't anymore. The Zips used to dress too sharp. Their hair was longer. They used to wear their jackets over their shoulders, like in the old country. They looked tough and they were tough. The locals always gave them plenty of room. They had their own little cliques.

"And make no mistake about it, the local guys are scared to death of them. Why? Because these greasers don't have any rules. They have the nod from above. They started out small. They took things nice and easy. Now it's different. Now they don't have to ask. They demand. And they get what they want. They're like the teacher's pet, only on a big scale."

Immigration officials estimate that as many as 93,000 aliens have been smuggled into this country. Not all are Sicilians and not all are hoods, of course. But according to officials, they may have made their way here with mob help.

Canadian police have thoroughly investigated the matter. It is their contention that Montreal's Cotroni mob is responsible for selling false identity papers which are needed to get across the border. According to the Canadian officials, the price for a set of papers is $2,000.

Canada has inadvertently made it easier for the aliens when it modified its immigration laws. A visa is no longer needed by aliens in Canada so long as their stay lasts no longer than three months. They must also have $300 in cash and a Canadian address where they may be reached.

When the families brought in their American-born hoods to replace them, they learned one hard fact immediately. They were inept. They were soft. They were more interested in businesses than in carrying out the necessary hard line so often taken by the mobs.

The organizations had to turn to outsiders.

In an attempt to defend their own position, one American-born hood whined, "It's impossible for me to operate any more. They're making movies about us. Some of us are so hot we can't even leave the house to buy a paper. They got some of us on talk shows. The cops got us nailed. We don't have any choice. We have to sit back and let the greasers take over. They're taking the cream because the cops don't know who they are."

The last part of his statement is not quite true. Dossiers are being compiled. Immigration and Naturalization officials are doing the compiling. Detectives have started to translate hours of tape from the dialect. These men are of Sicilian descent.

Apparently the bosses would like to take crime back half a century. They want their secret society controlled by men who speak the dialect, honor the codes and are not worried about crabgrass destroying their suburban lawns.

With the influx of thousands of Zips, they may pull it off. ●

SEX GANGS ARE ON THE PROWL FOR YOUR WOMAN

(Continued from page 62)

sobbing uncontrollably.

In another moment all of them were brutally raped. Some were violated two or three times. When the cyclists were finished with them they left the weeping girls in the woods to fend for themselves.

The incident was reported to the police despite the warning the girls had received from their attackers. Mug shots were brought out for the victims to look at, but since none of the gang members had any criminal record, their photos of course were not included.

The girls tried to describe the youths, but were unable to do. No names had been mentioned during the mass rape and many of the gang members had kept their goggles on so as to make identification more difficult.

Other incidents are being reported. Girls and women are being raped and sodomized in that area despite the best efforts of police to nab the perpetrators.

As of this writing, arrests are expected. But in the meantime the lone female highway driver runs the risk of being dragged from her vehicle and forced into committing the most perverse acts in the books.

In Chicago the gang which is terrorizing the southwestern suburb of River Forest is the "Lover's Lane Smashers." There are ten male members and six females. All are between 14 and 18. Their modus operandi is to strike terror into the hearts of couples in parked cars.

After raping the females in the cars, the gang robs both the man and the woman. In some instances the men who resisted were savagely beaten.

To date, there have been more than a score of rapes and robberies, with the number decreasing only because couples no longer use the areas for their love-making.

There are also gangs with no names, yet the damage they do to innocent girls and women is no less horrendous. Take the case of the 40-year-old widow who lives in San Francisco. Her home is in the Twin Peaks section. In broad daylight last July she got off a Muni bus and was immediately surrounded by a gang of boys.

They shouted obscenities at her and began tearing at her clothes. The woman was petrified. Passersby caught the action but did nothing to help. The boys brazenly ran their hands up under the woman's skirt to touch her vagina. They taunted her with an invitation to have sex with them. She carried a purse, but no attempt was made to take it from her.

Just when she thought she would go out of her mind with fear, a patrol car pulled up. The boys scattered. The terrified woman was sprawled on the sidewalk. She was almost naked.

After she was taken to a clinic and given a mild sedative, she was asked to look at mug shots at the Hall of Justice. That of course was a waste of time. Her attackers were too young to have amassed any kind of criminal record.

The future that Little talks about is now. Gangs are growing in size and in numbers throughout the country.

They are affluent enough not to care about your woman's purse. All they want is *her*. They will use her in any way they see fit. Their savagery knows no bounds. Once they have your woman they will do everything short of murder.

And the real horror is that the frightful experience may unhinge her.

YOU AND THE HOOKER-HOOD TERROR ALLIANCE

(Continued from page 60)

Naturally, the chick won't go anywhere with the guy because she's not permitted to leave the joint. So she comes on strong, turns the sucker on, makes bread for her boss and then tells the john to butt out.

Naturally, return business is negligible. But nobody cares. There are enough johns around to keep the business going indefinitely.

There are other uses for women. In a bookmaking operation, for example, they are used as relays in a call-back system. They make excellent couriers for carrying information and money. As clerks they are good at counting money.

Another area in which women play a vital role is in the abortion mill. In states where abortion is still illegal, the syndicates are making big money through their mills. And in every operation women are needed to put the clients at their ease.

Organized crime is not interested in the morality of the issue. They want the money to be had and there are women who will pay top dollar to have the operation.

According to insiders, the typical abortion mill is set up in a motel room. A doctor is hired and the word is passed around.

The doctor is usually one who has lost his license. Such a man is not likely one who will finger his employer later. The motel owner is in on the deal, supplying the operation with all the towels and sheets it needs. He gets about $100 a day for the room. Four or five other rooms are also taken so that the patients can recuperate. They go for $20 a day. Everything is presumed to be safe and sanitary.

The abortion itself costs roughly $600. The doctor gets $100, the nurse $50. Equipment costs are minimal. The operation takes about 20 minutes, with a good doctor doing the work.

Rarely is there a shortage of business. Doctors' nurses get a $25 finder's fee for directing patients to the mills.

The hoods and the hookers, generally, have had a parting of the ways. The sexual revolution has had much to do with it. Why should a dude pay a girl for favors when he can get them for free from his own chick?

The hoods have permitted the black pimps to move in and control streetwalkers. Hookers no longer pull in the kind of money the mobs are after. The areas which are the most lucrative for organized crime are drugs and gambling. The biggest profits, however, come from the so-called legitimate businesses now being operated by the mobs. ●

WOLF PACKS: THEY GET THEIR KICKS FROM WANTON MURDER

(Continued from page 7)

the fact that murderous assaults are down this year compared with the same period last year.

The reason for the decline is that hard-core offenders are being watched more closely by the courts and sterner action is being enforced. Sixteen and 17 year olds are being tried as adults when accused of serious crimes. They are also taking away the weapons wherever they are found. More police raids have helped that situation.

The "Crips of Los Angeles" is a gang name interpreted for their symbolic crippling of their victims. They even have a girl division called the Crippetts and a "Junior Crips" of elementary school children.

A wolf pack of 5 or 6 kids recently invaded an elementary school and sexually molested a young teacher, made her eat chalk, and then threw her out a second story window. It was later reported as an act of reprisal for reporting one of their gang members who sexually abused a seven-year-old girl in the school. The youth was later incarcerated.

Detroit wolf packs have taken to breaking and entering into empty public housing to rip off what they can, according to the police of that city. There are numerous shootings on the East-side of the city where a large concentration of the poor black families live.

One Detroit gang, called the "Macaronis" have sub-divisions of "baby" splinter groups that emulate the older gang members. They range in age from 10 to 12 years old. Naturally they're called the "Baby Macaronis."

Usually the gangs consist of 30 to 40 hard-core members and compete with each other in larcenies, burglaries, rapes, and assaults.

It is speculated that these wolf packs have arisen from the dire economic straits of their families or because they see an easy opportunity.

The unemployment situation today also breeds malcontent among the young gang members that cause frustration and a restlessness that has significantly pushed these wolf packs into a new day's destination of crime waves.

What we may be witnessing today from these emerging wolf packs of teenage gangsters may be the Dillingers of tomorrow. ●

THE DILLINGER BUNCH: "YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL US ALL!"

(Continued from page 40)

killed him in a gun fight. During the autumn Makley and Pierpont made an attempt to break out of the Ohio State Prison. The riot squad got both. Makley died instantly. Pierpont survived and later went to the electric chair.

The only gang member who escaped harm at that point was Baby Face Nelson.

Nelson had always considered himself Public Enemy Number 1, even though Dillinger officially had the title. And with the latter's death he was truly the FBI's most wanted man. But his reign didn't last long. In November 1934 he was seen in a car with his wife and a bootlegger.

G-men Sam Cowley and H.E. Hollis closed in. When the car holding Nelson came into view, Cowley and Hollis opened fire. Their bullets knocked the engine out of commission, bringing the vehicle to a halt.

Baby Face Nelson was furious. He climbed out of the car holding a machine gun. He went after Cowley and Hollis with the weapon chattering wildly. Both agents shot Nelson to death, but not before the agents received mortal wounds themselves.

Nelson's wife and the bootlegger were unharmed. They slipped into the agents' car and drove away. Nelson's naked body was found the next day in a ditch.

His death marked the end of one of the most vicious gangs in the country.

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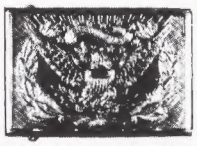

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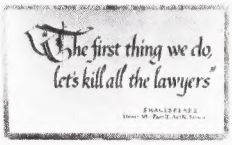

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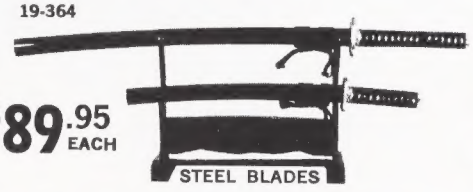

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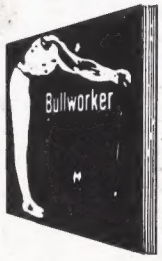

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